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T H E

FAMOUS and RENOWNED

History of PARISMUS.

C H A P. I.

*How Parismus, Prince of Bohemia, arrived in Thes-
saly, and by the Assistance of his trusty Friend Oristus,
got a Sight of the incomparable Princess Laurana.*



PARISMUS, Son and Heir apparent to
the King of *Bohemia*, having at Home
given sufficient Testimony of his Princely
Courage, began now to think of mani-
festing his Valour abroad ; and led espe-
cially by the Fame of *Laurana*, Heiress to the Crown.
of

of *Theffaly*, and Daughter to *Dionysius* King thereof; he determined with an honourable Retinue to visit the Court of *Thebes*, the Metropolis of that Country: Where being received with all imaginable Courtesy and Magnificence, he resolved to spend some Time there, encouraging himself with secret Hopes of enjoying the beloved (though yet unseen) *Laurana*. Nor was *Parisus* the only Person that entertained those groundless Hopes; for as the World was filled with Reports, so was her Father's Court with Princes that continually resorted thither, in Hopes of gaining her Affections; amongst whom was one *Sicanus*, Prince of *Persia*, who, with the King and Queen of *Hungary*, Prince of *Sparta*, and Lady *Isabella*, came thither about the same Time, and upon the same Account.

Dionysius, famous as well for the Hospitality of his Court, as the Beauty of his Daughter, entertained them with the like Courtesy and Civility; but *Laurana*, who had observed the two Princes severally at their Approach, conceived in her tender Heart, an Inclination rather to like *Parisus* than *Sicanus*; not that she knew either their Business or their Qualities, much less their Names, or of what Country they were; but seeing *Parisus* enter the Palace, being a Prince of comely Gesture and Masculine Beauty, she could not refrain from calling *Leda* her Maid to the Chamber-Window, to ask her Opinion concerning him; nor for speaking many Things in Commendation of so worthy a Personage.

No sooner had he withdrawn himself and entered the Palace, but *Laurana* began immediately to find in herself a sensible Alteration; sometimes she blushed, as if she had been in Fault, and then presently she looked pale, for Fear of being discovered; sometimes she sighed, which she endeavoured to drown in a Cough, and sometimes studied, which she always put off with a Smile. This Diversity of Passions she no
more

more knew how to prevent, than to guess from whence they came: But *Leda* being a more experienced Amourist, soon guessed at the Distemper by the Symptoms, and though she seemed to discern nothing, because she saw her Lady desired to have it so, yet she easily found all the Signs and Tokens of an ensuing Fit of Love.

Dionysius, in the mean Time, entertaining the young Princes and Nobles with all the Splendor of his Court, (expecting the fair *Laurana*) gave all the Satisfaction and Content they could wish or imagine; only *Parismus*, filled with the Expectation of so divine a Creature, could take Delight in none of all the costly Delicacies there provided; which, while the other Guests most lavishly wasted and devoured, he in the mean Time cautiously fed himself even with the Dispair of seeing *Laurana*. However, he seemed to do like the rest, that so his Concernment might not be misconstrued, as an Effect of his Dislike; nor truly construed, for an Effect of his Love. Dinner ended, (with *Parismus* before it begun) the Company retired into the Gardens, which were most sumptuous and delightful, as well for Use as Ornament, and fraught with all Manner of Fruits to please the Palate, as well as Flowers to gratify the other Senses. Here, while the Nobles were diverting themselves according to their several Inclinations, *Parismus* singling out his trusty Friend *Oristus*, took him aside to a private and melancholy Walk in the Wilderness, and there, after some leading Questions about indifferent Matters, he came to ask him how he liked the Court of *Dionysius*; and whether those Gardens were not much more pleasant than any in *Bohemia*, &c? To all which, *Oristus* having answered in such a Manner as he thought might best please the Prince, he at last desired Pardon of *Parismus*, if he likewise might presume without Offence, to ask his Highness one innocent Question: To whom *Parismus* replied, That an innocent,

nocent Question could offend none but in a churlish Disposition, though propounded by an Enemy or Stranger, much less from a Bosom-Friend. Then, replied *Oristus*, *Is not my Lord in Trouble of Mind, that he hath not enjoyed the Sight of his beloved Laurana?* To whom *Parismus* replied, *My dear Oristus, thou art so much the Partner of my Heart, that I can keep no Secret from thee; and when for a Time, I endeavour to be so unkind, my very Self discover that which I endeavour to conceal. 'Tis that, and only that, which disquieteth me, and takes from me the Beauty of these delightful Gardens, and, indeed, of every Place where she is not, or, at least, not to be seen.* *Oristus* perceiving him to grow into a Kind of an amorous Extasy, desired him to mitigate his Passion, and he questioned not, by the Interest he had in the Lord *Remus*, (a great Favourite) to procure him not only the Sight, but the Speech of the admired Lady; which, for the present, gave him some Satisfaction, being willing to believe what he so much desired, though at present he found no Way how it might probably be effected.

The Evening passing with many delightful and princely Exercises, they began to think of repairing every one to their respective Lodging, whither they were severally attended; and though the Apartment allotted for *Parismus* was more richly adorned than any of the rest, yet such was his Disquiet of Mind, that notwithstanding the Comfort *Oristus* gave him, he took little Rest that Night, but spent the solitary Hours in Contemplation of a Person he had never seen, and in framing for her such Features as were best pleasing to himself.

Early in the Morning, *Dionysius*, according to his usual Custom, rose to go a Hunting; and visiting his Guests of chiefest Note, desired their Company; but *Oristus* purposing to perform his Promise, staid behind with the Lord *Remus*, who invited him to take a Walk into the Gardens, and view the magnificent
Heighth,

Heigth, and spacious Circumference of the Palace; which when *Oristus* had sufficiently viewed, but could never sufficiently admire, as they were returning by the Way of the Privy Garden, they were happily met by the illustrious *Laurana*, who with her Maid *Leda*, was coming to take the Benefit of the Morning-Air, at a Time, she thought, all the Strangers of the Court had been rode a Hunting. She at first startled at the Sight of the strange Knight; but seeing him in Company with the Lord *Remus*, she came with the greater Confidence, and said, *I thought, my Lord, this fine Morning would certainly have drawn your Lordship into the Field, who hath always been a profest Huntsman.*

Truly, Madam, said he, *were I always sure to be thus rewarded with the Sight of the Princess Laurana, I doubt I should prove but a lazy Huntsman: I confess, at this, I designed not myself so great a Happiness, but staid in Civility to this Gentleman, who had otherwise been alone.* Then, recommending *Oristus* to a Kiss of her fair Hand, she modestly gave him a hearty Welcome to her Father's Court, and pursued her Walk. *Oristus* understanding her to be the Princess, thought himself to be most happy in this Encounter; and being informed by the Lord *Remus* of her Apartment, he took particular Notice thereof, and so in Civility left the Princess to her private Cogitations.

The King and Train returning about Noon, *Parismus*, who took but small Delight in the Pastime of the Morning, came with an amorous Impatience to enquire of *Oristus*, What News? Whether he had seen his Fair One, or discovered her Apartment. But *Oristus*, having desired his Highness, jestingly, to be a little patient, and not to ask two Questions, before he had answered one, gave him a full Account of all that had happened, with such high Recommendations of the Princess, as had been Flattery to any but herself; With what joyful Earnestness *Parismus* heard him

him, let the Reader judge; and yet therewith no Way satisfied, he almost envied his dearest Friend so great an Happiness. However, being certified of her Lodging, he resolved with himself, to walk there continually in hopes of blessing his Eyes with so divine a Spectacle. In Prosecution of which Design, taking a small Book out of his Pocket, and dismissing *Orisus*, he immediately repaired to the Terras-Walk, just under her Chamber; and there made several Turns, casting an Eye much oftner towards her Window, than towards the little Volume he had in his Hand, as hoping, indeed, to see there much the fairer Impression of the Two: *Laurana*, by this Time, opening the Casement, upon some accidental Occasion, and not seeing the Prince, gave him unawares the full View of her Face, which Sight he so eagerly enjoyed, that he had almost lost himself in Admiration; as sometimes poor hunger-starved Mariners long detained from Food, have devoured their Meat, at first, so greedily, that they have immediately perished therewith. But to keep the Prince from surfeiting, *Laurana* had no sooner espied there a strange Knight, but she immediately clapt to the Casement and through the Crevices thereof gave herself the Satisfaction she denied her Lover, who understanding by his Friend *Orisus*, that the King waited for his Company at Dinner, was forced to quit the Terras, and betake himself to a Banquet far less delightful than what he there enjoyed.

The greatest Part of Dinner Time he spent in Contemplation of his late happy Success in enjoying the Sight of his Beloved; the rest he employed in contriving how he might come to the Speech of her, which having modelled according to his own Fancy he rose, as it were, abruptly from the Table, and withdrawing himself to his Apartment, sent an Excuse to the King by one of his Servants, desiring his Majesty's gracious Pardon for his rude Departure

which

which he hoped the Indisposition of his Body would excuse. *Dionysius*, concerned for the Prince's Sickness, as soon as Dinner was ended, went to give him a Visit, which *Parismus* suspecting, set a Page at his Chamber Door, to acquaint his Majesty, or any else that should come there, that the Prince was in a Slumber, and desired not to be disturbed. This Excuse gave *Dionysius* Satisfaction for the present, and *Parismus* Opportunity to carry the Design of seeing his Mistress, unsuspected, which he effected in the Manner following.

C H A P. II.

How Parismus discovered his Love to Laurana at a Masque, upon her Birth-Day, as they were dancing together; and how (to their great Disquiet) Laurana is promised by the King, her Father, in Marriage to his Rival Sicanus, Son and Heir to the Emperor of Persia: Letters that passed between Parismus and Laurana; and the jealous Envy of Sicanus.



HAVING understood from his Friend *Oisus*, by Information of the Lord *Remus*, that this was *Laurana's* Birth-day, and that the Queen *Oliva* had

had ordered a royal Banquet to be prepared for the Entertainment of her princely Guests, at which *Laurana* was to appear in publick, (which she never did but upon such Occasions) *Parismus* projected with *Orisus* and some others of the *Bohemian* Court, to entertain the Company with a Mask, hoping by this Device to attain to the Speech of the incomparable *Laurana*, to which End he had counterfeited Sicknesse to avoid Suspicion. This Design being secretly carried on, Supper-time approached, which, with the Sumptuousness of the Entertainment, and the Presence of the admired *Laurana*, gave infinite Satisfaction to the Partakers. And now the Company of the *Bohemian* Prince, seemed to be the only Thing wanting to make their Happiness compleat, especially to the inestimable Princess, who, not daring to make an Enquiry, wondered that among so many worthy Knights she could not espy the princely Countenance of the gallant Person she had the same Day seen walking in the Terras. While she was in these Contemplations Notice was given, that a Set of Masquers were entering to divert that Royal Assembly, which, after Preparation made, were admitted accordingly, and entered in this Manner:

First entred two *Moors* in white Sattin, with Torches or Flambeaux; and after them as many Eunuchs in Cloth of Gold, playing on Wind-musick; then appeared the Illustrious *Parismus*, in a most beautiful Disguise, dancing a Sarabrand; next after him followed *Orisus*, and after him the Lord *Remus*, with two other Knights of the *Bohemian* Court, all most richly apparelled, and performing their several Parts to Admiration. But so infinitely surpassing was *Parismus*, as well in the Shape of his Body, as the excellency of his Motion, that he attracted the Eyes of all the Spectators, especially hers whom he most regarded, the matchless *Laurana's*: To whom, in a submissive manner, he addressed himself, and too

out to dance, Lord *Remus* took out the Lady *bellia*: *Oristus* another *Spartan* Lady, &c. so that together dancing a Figure-dance, the Resting-times and Intervals *Parismus* employed in making himself known to the Lady of his Affections. The Masque ending with the Applause of every judicious and impartial Eye, *Dionysius* address'd himself to the Masquers, returning them Thanks for the Diversion they had given them; and desiring them to accept of a small Banquet his Daughter had prepared for them on her Birth-day. This *Parismus* accepted of with humble Thanks, not so much for the sake of her Banquet, as for her that prepared it. And therefore, to keep the King no longer in Suspence, he pull'd off his Vizard and discover'd himself to be the *Bohemian* Prince: *Parismus*, said the King, smiling, *I am glad you are so recover'd of your Illness: But now I see the Cause of your Distemper, and cease to wonder at your sudden Sickness and Departure from Dinner.* Which *Parismus* again excusing, and saluting the whole Company, they all applauded his Princely Behaviour, and Courteous Ingenuity, except the malicious *Sicanus*, who immediately quitted the Room without any apparent Shew of Dislike and Discontent.

The rest of the Company withdrawing into the Banqueting-house at the Request of *Oliwa*, were they were again most magnificently treated with such Delicacies as the Ingenuity of *Laurana* could invent; with which, tho' *Parismus* was highly pleased, he could not forbear looking very frequently upon *Laurana*, by which means, though he satisfied his own Curiosity, he robbed the poor Princess of many Opportunities of viewing her *Parismus*: Nevertheless, she had sometimes the luck to steal a Glance, as she thought undiscerned by any, though at the same time the whole Company observed it, which caused many Nobles, especially the Friends of *Sicanus*, to envy the private Kindness *Laurana* seem'd to have for the Prince of

Bohemia: Of which when they were departed, every one began to make their several Constructions. Thus were *Parismus* and *Laurana* mutually enamour'd with each other, as it were at first interview; and when they got to the several Apartments, both separately conspired to bring about the same End, *viz*, the farther Enjoyment of each others good Company; the Care of which *Laurana* committed to *Leda*, the Cabinet of her Secrets; and *Parismus* to his trusty Friend *Oristus*, with whom he consulted about the same Matter.

Sicanus in the mean time fretting within himself to see the Princess *Laurana* shew more favour to the Prince of *Bohemia*, than the Heir of *Persia*, openly declared to *Dionysius*; 'That the Cause of his Coming was to demand the Princess in Marriage; the King of *Hungary*, and Prince of *Sparta*, being come as Ambassadors upon the same Account. To whom *Dionysius* made answer, 'That for his Part he should be very glad to have his Daughter married to so hopeful a Prince, and himself ally'd to so Mighty an Emperor; promising withal, to propose the same to *Laurana*, who, he doubted not, would readily enough consent to so Honourable a Marriage'. The Princess all this while little imagining what Mischief was plotting against her, spent the Night in contriving which way she might again enjoy the sweet Society of her beloved *Parismus*; who had no less Disquiet, in casting about how to come into the Company of his *Laurana*: But early in the Morning getting out of his Bed, and attiring himself in a careless but comely Dress, he repaired again to the old Terras-walk, as the only expedient he could think of to that Purpose. He had not taken many Turns before *Laurana* spied him thro' the Glass, and dispatching her Maid *Leda* upon some sleeveless Errand into the Garden, she concluded *Parismus* would have something to say to her, which might be to her Satisfaction.

And

And accordingly it fell out, for as *Leda* was gathering a Nosegay of the prettiest and choicest Flowers, *Parismus* saluting her with a courteous Good morrow, and demanded how fared her Lady the Princess: Who, returning Thanks for his kind Enquiry, satisfied him, that she was in good Health. I pray you, said he, present her with this Paper, and the Service of one of her most humble Adorers, *Parismus*; if it may not be thought a great Presumption in me, nor be esteem'd too great a Trouble to yourself.

I am confident, replied *Leda*, no Message from your Highness will ever be look'd upon as a Presumption by the Princess *Laurana*, or seem a Trouble to your humble tho' unworthy Servant. Whereupon, sliding into her Hand a Present of no small Value, he dismissed her, and betook himself to his Walk in Expectation of the Event. *Laurana* having observed *Parismus* to give *Leda* a Paper, imagined it was for herself, and being impatient to see the Contents, met her at the Stair-foot, and, suddenly breaking it open she read these Words.

Most Royal Madam,

IF the Contents of this Paper be a Presumption, it is the Excess of my Love that has occasioned it; so that my Fault must be my Excuse; but if Love be a Fault, how great a Criminal is *Parismus*? Pardon me, Madam, that I dare be so confident once more to beg the Favour of Kissing your Royal Hand, at such a Time and Place as your Highness shall think most convenient; for, since the unhappy Minute of our Departure, I have not enjoy'd the least Thought to my Satisfaction, but the Remembrance of having once seen you, and the Resolution of ever being,

Madam, Yours at Command,

P A R I S M U S.

Laurana glad of so fair an Opportunity, at the same Time, to oblige a Man that loved her, and enjoy the Company of him she loved; thought no Time like the present, to give him an Answer; and observing him to walk under her Window in seeming Expectation thereof sent him this short Reply.

Most Noble Prince,

I Look upon your Love to be like yourself, Honourable; and if so, neither is it in itself a Fault, nor to tender it Presumption: My Maid will tell you at what Time and Place you may expect to meet me; which is an Argument of the Confidence reposed in you, by

L A U R A N A

Joyful at the Receipt of this welcome and unexpected Answer, *Parismus* thought himself amply recompenced for the Misfortune of not having bless'd his Eyes with the Sight of Angelical *Laurana*; and having humbly returned his Service by *Leda*, he hastened to his Friend *Orisfus*, as well to acquaint him of the Happiness that had befallen him, as to avoid the Censure of suspicious Eyes, who might otherwise guess at his Design in walking under *Laurana's* Window; for by this Time, every Body was stirring about the House; and *Dionysius* had sent for his Daughter, in order to the fore-mentioned Match of *Sicanus*: *Laurana* coming with all Submission to know the Pleasure of her King and Father, was soon welcomed, with the unwelcome News of *Sicanus's* Love, which *Dionysius* proposed with all the seeming Advantages that could be imagined, but in so mild a Manner that he seemed not to use the Authority of a King, but the Indulgence of a Father; insomuch, that though the thing proposed was most unwelcome to her Ears, she received the same with as obedient a Sweetness as if she had been ready to grant her Consent:

sent: Whereupon *Dionysius*, leaving *Laurana* to consider of it, went in Person to *Sicanus*, and gave him all imaginable Encouragement; making that Day a general Entertainment on Purpose that *Sicanus* might find an Opportunity of expressing his Love to *Laurana*.

Dinner being ready, it so fortun'd, that *Parismus* was seated just opposite to the Princess, and *Sicanus* a pretty way below her on the same side, so that while the one had the Opportunity of viewing her Perfections in their most resplendent Lustre, the other had only now and then a Side View of her Face; and while *Parismus* entertain'd her with a pleasing (but common) Discourse, *Sicanus* was so imprudent to imagine he had been making Love. Thus did the Gall boil within him for the Malice he bore to *Parismus*, against whom he vow'd perpetual Enmity from that very Hour: Nevertheless, after Dinner, by the King's means, he found an Opportunity of discoursing with *Laurana*, and manifested his Passion after the best Manner he could; but so short it came of that Vigour and Sincerity she discerned in the Love of *Parismus*, that in Spight of her courteous and obliging Nature, she was forced to receive it with a civil Indifference, and to quit his Company in a Manner little better than scornful.

CHAP. III.

How Sicanus perceived the Love Laurana bare to Parismus; and how he plottied to seize her, and carry her away by Force, and in what Manner she was rescued by the valiant Prince of Bohemia with other Matters.

Sicanus the most malicious and cruel of all Men, having got secret Intelligence, by the Means of a Waiting-woman belonging to the Princess *Laurana*, whose Fidelity.

Fidelity he had corrupted with large Sums of Gold how she despised him, and loved *Parismus*; whose Virtues he found was much superior to his, as the Graces of his Person gave that Prince singular Advantages over him, resolved upon a Stratagem how to take her away by Force, and basely murder, without Respect, all that stood in Opposition.



Armed with this Resolution, in order to put this wicked Purpose in Execution, he procures *Lambesius* his Favourite, who came with him out of *Persia*, with Money and Jewels to hire *Persians*, and other Strangers in Disguise, to lay wait in a Forrest when the King, Queen, Princess, and small Train of Attendance were from the City to a Castle they had five Leagues from it to recreate themselves, as they usually did in the Summer, it being one of the most pleasant Palaces in the Country. This wicked Man obeyed his Masters Orders, took an Oath of Secrecy of those he hired, not on any Extremity to discover who employed them, prepared a Chariot to carry the Princess and upon Notice in the Morning that the Court was

to remove, laid his Ambuscade advantageously, and in the midst of the Forrest, where there was a void Space, burst out, charging the Guards with great Fury, so that many of them were laid dead on the Ground, tho' in Defence of their King they fought valiantly, and wounded the most resolute of their Enemies: The King in Person there did Wonders, and, by his Example, encourag'd his Men to maintain the Fight against great Odds: But all had been to no Purpose, they having already seized the Princess; whom with pitious Cries they were dragging to their Chariot, standing at a Distance from the Fight, if Providence had not sent *Parismus* fortunately to their Aid: He intended not to follow the Court 'till next Morning, as having weighty Affairs to transact; but something at the Princess Departure troubled his Mind with unusual Disquiet, that he seem'd compelled to do it; yielding to this impulse, arming and mounting his Horse, attended with one Servant, he took the same Road, and at the Edge of the Forest, to his great Amazement, he saw a Man all bloody galloping towards him, who within twenty Paces of him fell from his Horse.

Whereupon the generous Prince immediately rid up to give him some Assistance in that his Extremity; but scarce had he spoken to him, but the wounded, casting up his Eyes, with a faint Voice, cryed, *Ab! Sir, lose no Time here about me, for I am but a dead Man: But if you are brave and noble minded, make Haste to succour the King, who is yonder like to be murder'd.* The Prince had no sooner heard these Words, but leaving the Man to the Care of his Servant, he rid full Speed animated by a Courage inexpressible, and soon by the pitious Cries that invaded his Ears, was directed to the Place where the King and his Followers, who surrounded him, made some faint Resistance: He had no sooner cast his Eyes on the Combatants, when knowing the Party he thought to succour, he fell in amongst

mongst the Enemies with such Fury, as can be compared to nothing less than Thunder violently breaking thro' the thick opposing Clouds ; there was not one Blow he gave but proved mortal, and he soon made them pay their Lives for their Treachery ; so that those before vanquish'd, gathering Courage by his Heroic Example, but a very few of them escaped dying at his Feet. Having now a little Time to take Breath, the King looking about, and missing the fair Princess, whom, by this Time they had dragged out of Sight, with up-lifted Hands, and a beseeching Aspect, crying out, *O most valiant Man you have done nothing yet for the Repose of my Life, unless you preserve Laurana from the Hands of the Ravishers.* He needed to say no more, for the Prince being shew'd the Way they had carried her, inspired with Love, and Desire of Revenge, flew after them like Lightning, and by the Cries of the Princess, soon came to the Place, where amongst a Tuft of Trees, six Men were forcing her into the Chariot : The first Blow he gave, struck off the Arms of him who had stretch'd them out to receive her, and all over Blood, died in the Slaughter of his Enemies, he brought such Terror on the rest, that the Sight of him froze their Courage, and made them as it were incapable of Resistance, for he soon laid four of them dead at his Feet, the other two seeing it, unbanded the Princess, and fled for their Lives into the thickest of the Forest.

The Princess at the Sight of the dreadful Combat, and the Fright the Russians had put her into, was by this Time fallen into a Swoon, which much troubled our Prince after his Victory : But the King, Queen, and others, hastening thither, such Means were used, that she soon recovered, and no sooner opened her Eyes, but seeing who was her Deliverer, she inwardly rejoiced, tho' through Modesty, a lovely Blush overspread her beautiful Face. The King embraced him with much Tenderness, and the Queen paid him infi-

hite Thanks, acknowledging their being indebted to him for their Lives and Honour; they laid their Commands on *Laurana* to make the like Acknowledgment, which she did so modestly, that her Passion, which, in a more retired Place, would have broke out into more obliging Terms, was not discovered.

Upon this fatal Accident, they concluded to return to the City, as the best Retreat; where *Parismus* was received with Triumph, the King commanding he should be honoured next himself, for the good Service he had done him, which he avowed every where; but this raised more the Envy of the now frustrated, implacable, and revengeful *Sicanus*, making him again relolve upon the speedy Destruction of the valiant *Parismus*, as will more fully appear in the following Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

How Sicanus hired three Tartarians to murder Parismus, who, treacherously setting upon him in a Wood, left him for dead, buried in Leaves and Moss; the Grief for his Loss, with the Discovery of the Treason; Sicanus's Flight: Dionysius, as a Pilgrim, travels to Bohemia; and, at last, declares himself to Parismus's Father.

Parismus, little imagining what had past, began with some Impatience to expect the happy Hour of the Princess's Appointment; which being come, and these two Lovers met accordingly, we will leave them in the Arbour in mutual (but honourable) Embraces, and speak a little of the Malice and Treason of *Sicanus*, who, the same Evening, calling to him three *Tartarians* of his own Vassalage, after a great conjunction of Secrecy, and Promise of Reward, engaged them to murder *Parismus*, at a Time they should

had

find most convenient, which he doubted not to bring to pass in a few Days. All Things being agreed upon, *Sicanus* betook himself to Rest; and poor *Parismus* having by this Time taken his unwelcome Leave of *Laurana*, repaired likewise to his Chamber; where having taken Rest proportionable to the Comfort he had received from the Princess, he was ready, with the earliest next Morning, to go a hawking, it being a Match of *Sicanus's* making, on Purpose to draw him into the Field: But the Morning being somewhat hazy, and unfit for that Exercise, most of the Company would have put off the Match till another Day, but so importunate was *Sicanus*, that in Compliance to his Humour, they must go, though many of them (especially *Parismus*) much against their Wills: They had but a little Pastime all the Morning, till at last springing an Eye of Pheasants in a large Champaign, they flew a Cast of Goshawks, one of which immediately took a young Pullet at the Pounce, the other undertaking the old Hen, flew with her into a large Wood, at a great Distance, under the Wind; there none observed but *Parismus*, who rode upon Speed and was followed by the *Tartarians*, who taking the Opportunity, unarmed as he was, and dismounted in the thickest of the Wood, fell upon him, and gave him many Wounds, one of which had been enough to have destroyed the stoutest Heart breathing; at last concluding him fully dead, they buried him with Leaves and Moss, and returned unsuspected to the Company.

Their Sport being now past the best, and even then, not good, the King began to invite them homewards; and missing *Parismus*, wondered where he might be; but concluding he might be driven to the Court by Stress of Weather, for the present made no further Search: Nevertheless, *Orissius* Heart misgave him, lest some Mischance might have befallen him; so that coming to the Palace, and hearing

hearing the least News of him, he would not stay to dine, but, with the rest of the *Bohemian-Knights*, immediately posted every Way in Quest of their Lord and Master; insomuch that the whole City of *Thebes* rung of the Absence of *Parismus*: Night came, and *Oristus* and the other Knights returned, but no News of *Parismus*; whereupon, after three Days Search, finding his Horse loose upon the Plains of *Pharsalia*, they all gave him over for lost. How dreadful this News sounded in the Ears of the tender-heart Princess, let any Reader judge who hath but heard of the Virtues of *Laurana* and the Merits of *Parismus*: *Ab!* *Leda*, said she, *Never to love but once, and to be thus crossed, and that so soon, unhappy Laurana*. More she said to the same Purpose, that is, to none at all; for *Parismus* was neither to be recalled by the Complaints of his *Laurana*, nor the Endeavours of *Oristus*, so that instead of Mirth and Jollity, nothing but Grief and Melancholy now filled the *Thessalian* Court.

Sicanus, the bloody Author of all this Villainy, dissembled as much Grief for the Loss of *Parismus* as any of the rest, and having rewarded the barbarous *Tartarians* with a Thousand Crowns, he began to think himself secure from Discovery, as he was free from Suspicion: But so it happened, that the Villains, disagreeing about dividing the Money, one of them struck the other so mortal a Stroke, that in a short Time he died thereof; but upon his Death bed confess'd to *Oristus* the Manner of *Parismus's* End; as also, that himself, with two others, were hired by *Sicanus* for that Purpose. *Oristus* repaired immediately to *Sicanus*, and, in the Presence of the King, taxed him with his Treachery; to which having but little to say, he immediately drew his Dagger, and had like to have slain his just Accuser: Whereupon there grew a Tumult betwixt the *Persian* and *Bohemian* Knights, which *Dionysius* himself had much ado to appease. At last, *Sicanus*, betwixt Fear and Shame.

having lost three of his Followers in the Skirmish, quitted the Court, and fled into his own Country, resolving to return with Power, and demand the Lady, he had not Rhetorick enough to persuade.

Whereupon, *Dionysius* putting all Things together, and considering how slender an Account he should be able to give the King of *Bohemia*, for the Murder of *Parisus*, in suffering the Author thereof to escape out of his Court; took upon him the Habit of a Pilgrim, and fled disguised into *Bohemia*, to find in what Manner the King resented the Death of his Son. Hence began new Troubles in the Court of *Thebes*: for missing the King at Dinner, *Oliua* sent Messengers every Way to seek him; who many Times met him, but could never find him, for they enquired for him even of himself. *Dionysius*, after some Days, arriving in *Bohemia*, took a poor Lodging near the Court, whither he daily resorted and heard sad Complaints for the Loss of *Parisus*, but still with Respect to the Court of *Thebes*, and the Hospitality of *Dionysius*. But after some Days, being mistrusted by his Landlord, for some greater Person than he appeared, he thought fit to acquaint the Secretary of State therewith, imagining he might be some Spy, caused him to be brought before the King his Master. Whereupon desiring Audience in private, he was forced to unbosom himself to his Majesty, declaring his great Sorrow, for the Death of *Parisus*, and desiring his Majesty's gracious Assistance, in revenging so horrid a Murder upon *Sicanus* the Author thereof. The King of *Bohemia*, having recovered out of the Surprise he was in at the first, embraces his *Thessalian* Majesty, and solemnly promised him his utmost Aid and Assistance against the *Persians*; whereupon he was prevailed with to stay in *Bohemia* certain Days.

CHAP. V.

Sicanus invades Thessaly: The Kings of Bohemia and Hungary come to relieve it. The wonderful Exploits of the Black Knight. The Fortune of the War referred to a Combat, which, the Black Knight, undertakes, &c.



Sicanus being returned into *Persia*, complained of divers Injuries and Affronts offered him in the Court of *Dionysius*, whence he hardly escaped with the Loss of three of his Attendants; whereupon he desired the King his Father to levy Forces, and to go against *Dionysius*, to revenge the Wrong he had done him. The King giving Credit to *Sicanus*, and jealous of the Honour of *Persia*, called to him the Aid of divers tributary Monarchs, and raised a mighty Army, consisting of near two hundred thousand Men, which he soon shipped in a vast Navy, and landed upon the Confines of *Thessaly*.

News thereof being speedily brought to the Queen by a poor Fisherman that was abroad at Sea, she was in sad Distress, and committed the Care of her Kingdom, during the Absence of *Dionysius* to the Lord *Remus*, who, with the Train-bands and Country Troops, made what Haste he could to resist them; and so ordered the Matter, that, ere they could land so vast an Army, he had slain near twenty thousand of them. This Success encouraged him to hope for a greater Victory; yet nevertheless he durst not give them Battle, but made an honourable Retreat towards the City, while the *Persians* encamped in the Plains of *Pharsalia*. The next Day they approached and begirt the City of *Thebes* on every Side, laying close Siege thereto, and resolved, either by Famine or Storm, to force them to surrender.

Oliwa, *Laurana*, and all the rest, with swollen Eyes and heavy Hearts, beholding the Murder of *Paris-mus*, and the Author of *Dionysius's* Absence, as it were in Triumph before the Walls, were uttering sad Complaints of their most miserable Estate, when behold a Knight in black Armour (who therefore they termed the Black Knight) came out in full Carreer, and waving his Sword thrice over his Head, dared the whole Army of *Persia* to single Combat; wherein he was successful even to Admiration; for, after a gallant Overthrow of two *Persians*, Horses and all, he was the third Time encountered by one *Bruster*, a huge proportioned Man, and the Champion of *Persia*, who met the Black Knight with such Violence, that they shivered their Lances, and forced him to quit one of his Stirrups, while *Bruster* himself was beaten back upon his Horse's Crupper. No sooner had they recovered their Seats, but both drew their Swords, and began a very fierce Combat, which, after a sharp Dispute, ended in a Conquest on the Black Knight's Side; for *Bruster*, having lost the Use of his Sword Arm, turned Tail, and fled toward's the Camp; which

so amazed *Sicanus* and all the *Persians*, that they esteemed the Black Knight to be rather a Devil than a Man, seeing that after three such dangerous Combats he stood immovable, brandishing his Sword, and bidding Defiance to *Persia*.

On the other Side, the Queen and Princess seeing what Wonders he had done in their Behalf, not knowing of whence he was, sent a Page to invite him to the City; but he returning his Duty and Service, especially to the Princess, courteously refused their Invitations, for Reasons he might possibly live to declare by Word of Mouth. This Message being returned, their Wonder encreased who this Black Knight should be; but guessing could no Way add to their Satisfaction, since none could resolve them, though they should happen to guess the right.

The next Day there was News of the Arrival of the King of *Bohemia*, King of *Hungary*, and Prince of *Sparta*; who, being severally incensed with the Baseness of *Sicanus's* Treachery, came with fresh supplies to succour *Thebes*; whereupon, both the *Persians* and *Thessalians*, foreseeing great Slaughter like to ensue, they drew up their Armies in Battalia, and came to a Parley: The Event of which was, to decide the Controversy by Combat of three Knights of each Side; upon Condition that if the *Persian* Knights overcome, then was *Dionysius* to deliver up his fair Daughter in Marriage to *Sicanus*, and himself become tributary to the *Persian* Monarchy; but if the *Thessalian* Knights got the better, then were the *Persians* immediately to quit the Siege, and *Sicanus* upon his Honour to declare what he knew concerning the Death of *Parismus*. These Articles drawn up and agreed to on both Sides, there were twenty Days allowed for preparing every Thing in Readiness against the Day of Combat, and in the mean Time a Truce made, that no Acts of Hostility might be offer'd, but such as were voluntary.

During this Interval, several Feats of Arms were performed daily at Tilts and Tournaments, between the two Armies, which afforded Pastime to the Ladies of the Court, who took great Delight in beholding the Activity and Success of the Black Knight: But at last, it so happened, that one *Pollipus* of the *Phrygian* Army, riding up to the Black Knight, and couching his Lance, gave him fair Warning to receive him, which, contrary to every Body's Expectation, he refused to do, but turned his Horse's Head short about. *Pollipus* wondering at his Refusal, resolved to know the Cause; but, because he would not be seen to commune with an Enemy in private, he watched his Opportunity till the Evening; at which Time seeing him riding out of the Field, he made up to him, and desired to know the Reason he refused him the same Pastime he vouchsafed to other Knights? *Because*, said he, *you wear the Armour of Pollipus of Phrygia, my trusty Friend. That Pollipus, said he, am I, who beg to know, how I come to deserve so honourable a Title? And who you are that vouchsafe it me? For that*, said the Black Knight, *it may be Time enough anon; in the mean Time, if you please to partake with me in my poor Quarters, perhaps I may communicate to you something worth your Knowledge, though I can entertain you with nothing worth your Acceptance.* Of which Invitation *Pollipus* willingly accepted, partly to be satisfied what it might be, but chiefly for the Honour he bore him, and the Delight he took in his Company.

In the mean Time the *Theban* Court rung with Joy for the Return of *Dionysius*, who by this Time was entered with the Kings of *Bohemia*, *Hungary*, and Prince of *Sparta*, whom he entertained most splendidly, consulting with them about erecting Scaffolds and making other Preparations against the Day of Combat. And while they were proposing Lord *Remus*, *Orissus*, and others for the Combatants, a comely Virgin, named *Dina*, arrived at the Court, richly attired

were attired like a Forrest Nymph, and bearing in her
right Hand an Escutcheon, whereon was the lively
Portraiture of a dying Knight, wounded by Slaves,
and buried in a Wood. Being admitted into the Pre-
sence, she humbly did her Obedience, and said, she
had a Message to deliver to the Princess. *Laurana*
being readily called, she was presented with the Es-
cutcheon, upon which were very curiously engraven
these Verses:

*Since Victory on Virtue still attends,
Doubt not, fair Princess, of successful Friends,
To a strange Knight, Revenge of Right belongs,
As well for yours, as your Parismus' Wrongs,
Sent by the God of Love to end the Strife,
And raise the dead Parismus unto Life.*

Having again and again perused these mystical Lines,
she knew not what Construction to put upon them,
or what Answer to return: But seeing so generous and
noble an Offer, she could, in Civility, do no less than
accept him for her Champion, though he promised
such Impossibilities. Therefore desiring the fair Mes-
senger to return to the Knight unknown, her humble
Thanks for the Tender of his Service, she dismisses
her with a rich Scarff, to be presented to the Knight,
and a costly Jewel for herself. *Dina* being gone, left
the Court full of Joy for the News she brought, and
of Wonder who this Knight should be, that had so
nobly undertaken the Princess's Quarrel. However,
in Honour, they scorned to watch where she went,
but resolved, with Patience, to expect the Issue.

C H A P. II.

The dreadful Combat between the six Knights, with the Preservation and Discovery of Parismus.



THE Time appointed being come, and as well the *Persians* as *Theſſalian* Nobles, being ſeated upon ſeveral Scaffolds, in equal Expectation of Succeſs; the Knights of *Persia* entered the Liſts, the firſt of whom was the valiant *Zoilus*, attired all in red, and mounted on a ſorrel Steed; then the two valiant Brethren of *Brufter*, *Brandor* and *Ramon*, came galloping in, in ſo triumphant a Manner, as if they had already been victorious: Several Times they rode about the Liſts, and wondered to ſee no Enemy at Hand; whereupon the *Persians* began to give a mighty Shout, which ſo diſmayed the *Theſſalians*, they knew not what to ſay, but began to think the Meſſage brought by *Dina*, to have been a Trick put upon them by the Enemy. At laſt, after an Hour's Expectation, they beheld three Knights in ſilvered Armour

mour coming towards them upon a Hand Gallop, who soon enter'd the Lifts, and declar'd for the *Theffalians*. Their Apparel and Plumes were all alike, without the least Distinction, save that one of them had the Scarff *Laurana* sent him, and was therefore call'd the Princess's Champion.

Dionysus, on the one Hand descending from his Chair of State, gave them Thanks for their Readiness to engage in his Quarrel, and so promised great Rewards, if it so pleas'd the Gods to grant him Victory. The Knight with the Scarff, on the other Hand, declaring the great Delight he took in so honourable a Cause, vowed that could he be so fortunate to serve the Princess *Laurana*, the Honour gain'd thereby, would be a greater Reward than the Crown of *Theffaly*. These Ceremonies being ended and his Majesty again seated, the Trumpets sounded a Charge and the Combat began. The Knight with the Scarff encounter'd *Zoilus*; *Polipus*, *Bandor*; and the Out-law, *Ramon*; amongst whom was shewn as much Courage and Agility as could be expected, their Spears being shiver'd at the first Onset, they presently drew and dealt about such fierce and fatal Blows, that in a short Time the Out-law fell dead from his Horse, whereat the *Persians* began a great Shout which they had no sooner ended, but *Ramon* coming to the Assistance of *Zoilus*, had the Misfortune to be run clear through the Throat, and died immediately; but *Pollipus* and *Bandor* fought a long Time upon equal Terms: but the Knight with the Scarff had much the Advantage of *Zoilus*, who summoning all his Strength, at last smote him with such Fury, that he fell from his Horse; whereupon, the Assembly gave so great a Shout, that the Earth seem'd to quake, for there being two of the *Theffalians* left to one of the *Persians*, the Victory was judg'd to the *Theffalians*.

Hereupon

Hereupon the King of *Persia*, according to Agreement, commanded the Army immediately to withdraw; and *Sicanus* upon his Honour, to declare the Truth of *Parismus*, according to the best of his Knowledge: Who thereupon reply'd, *By all the Reverence that I owe to my Lord and Father, with the rest of this honourable Assembly, I denounce him for a Villain and Traitor, that does accuse me of the Murder of Parismus: for, by all the Powers of Heaven, I know nothing thereof, nor have been any Way Accessary thereunto. In like Reverence to this honourable Assembly, said the Knight with the Scarff, I return that Villain and Traitor upon thyself, for that thou didst hire three Tartarianes to murder him, who, as he was a Hawking, set upon him in a Wood, and in a barbarous Manner run him in several Places through the Body, of which I myself am Witness, who found him in that deplorable Condition, which I stand ready to justify; and therefore, as thou art a Knight, and honourest Arms, shew thy Innocence by accepting the Challenge, and withdrew to prepare himself. In the mean Time the *Thessalian* Nobility, especially *Laurana*, considering the Wounds he had received, entreated him not to engage in a second Combat. To whom he reply'd *Madam*, if it be your Highness's Pleasure, I am sure that the Wrongs of *Parismus* shall go unreveng'd, but I know *Madam*, you are more generous, and therefore must beg your Pardon, Whereupon, giving him, as it were, Consent against his Will, *Sicanus*, (as supposed) enter'd the Lists, where he met the wounded Knight, at the first Onset unhorsing him, having broken two of his Ribs, and the Company unlacing his Helmet to give him Breath, found that he was not really *Sicanus*, but a Person he had hired to fight in his Stead; which was so ill resented by the whole Assembly, that they concluded him Guilty, and the King of *Persia* disown'd him for his Son, so that he*

at Grief and Shame in a short Time after he

Agout the Victors, being carried in great Triumph
ough the City, and presented with many rich
s, at last arrived at the Court; where being re-
ed with all imaginable Honour and Acclamations,
were set down in Chairs of State, the chiefest of
King's Physicians being sent for to dress their
ounds. Coming to take off the Knight in the
rff's Armour, it was found to be cas'd over artifi-
ly with Silver, and under it black Armour, so that
he was discover'd to be the Black Knight whom
y thought to have been dead, in the Combat with
fter. Whereupon, *Dionysius* embracing him a-
n, left the uncasing of him to the King of *Bohe-*
e, as the greatest Honour; which the Black Knight
aid by no Means suffer, but humbly kneeling, de-
d his Majesty to grant him one Favour, which be-
consented to, he entreated his gracious Pardon
the Murderers of *Parismus*. But being asked,
y he should make so unreasonable a Demand; *Be-*
e, said he, *Parismus is in good Health*. Upon
ich Words, he immediately discover'd himself, to
Joy and Wonder of all there present. And then
at large related the Story of his miraculous pre-
vation by certain Out-laws, who accidentally find-
his wounded Body in the Wood, they carefully
vey'd him to their Cave, and (after his Reco-
y) they chose him for their General.

This Story seem'd at first so incredible, that they
dly durst give Credit to their Eyes, but every
cumstance being so fully related and considered,
y were all (as it were) swallowed up with Wonder,
a Time; but at last, Joy prevailed, and the King
uld have sent to *Laurana* once more to have wel-
n'd the same Person, tho' under a different Cha-
ter, but *Parismus*, the more to surprize the Prin-
s, desired he might be the Messenger himself; to
which

which the King easily consented, and he was conducted to her Apartment; accordingly *Parismus* with the Lord *Remus*, coming to the Princess's Lodgings, found the Door fast, and imagining it might be private, stood still a while, for fear of giving her a Disturbance: But after a very short Pause, they heard her tune up her Lute, beginning in a solemn Air, and most Angelical Voice, the following Song.

*KIND Knight, I know thy Promise was in vain,
To bring Parismus back to Life again:
And yet, how much is to thy Courage due?
Who nobly didst his Murderers subdue!
For, 'tis a Part of Happiness to be,
Deliver'd from Misfortunes we foresee.
All but my Heart I give as a Reward,
No Knight so mean a Present would regard;
It bleeds, it pants, so shatter'd is and torn,
It merits no Acceptance now, but Scorn.
Yet poor Parismus shall this Present have,
Which shortly, I shall carry to my Grave.*

So passionate were her Words and so divine the Voice, that *Parismus* could contain himself no longer but roundly knock'd at the Door, which *Leda* having opened, he enter'd with Lord *Remus*; *Leda* shriek'd and the Princess fell in a Trance, absolutely imagining she had seen the Ghost of *Parismus*. But, for a long Time, Lord *Remus* had much ado to bring her to herself, and to persuade her to the Truth of what she saw. Twenty Times she examined her Senses, to know if she was awake; and at last being fully convinced by a Touch of his warm Lips, that he was really, and indeed the living *Parismus*, 'tis impossible to say which was greatest her Joy, or her Wonder. So that after an Hours Contemplation of each others Happiness, the Princess in Pity to his Wounds, conducted him into his Presence Chamber, and there openly de-

clar

ared her Affection to him, desiring the Care of him might be committed to her Charge, 'till he was perfect-recover'd. This she did in so gallant and generous Manner, that none could tax her with the least Immodesty for so doing. Insomuch, that *Dionysius* readily granted her Request, and promised to consummate her Happiness in Nuptial-Bands, as soon as the Prince should be recover'd of his Wounds, which was not long after.

C H A P. VII.

Of the Marriage of Parismus and Laurana; how going towards Bohemia, he is left with Pollipus and Violetta, in the Desolate Island; she is carried by the Tyrant Andramart, to the Island of the Rocks, where she is deliver'd of Parismenos. The Enchantment of the Desolate Island dissolv'd, &c.



AND now the Marriage of these two illustrious Persons being solemniz'd with a Magnificence becoming the Bounty of *Dionysius*, and the Merit of that Royal Pair, they spent some Days in the Court of *Thessaly*, with
D unex-

unexpressible Satisfaction, esteeming each others Happiness beyond the Reach, even of the most adverse Fortune. But, alas! the best of Men, and the greatest of Princesses, are equally (and perhaps more) subject to the Frowns of adverse Fate, than the meanest Peasant: For by this Time the King of *Bohemia's* Affairs requiring his Return into his own Country, it was requisite that *Parismus* and his Princess should attend him; whereupon great Preparation (and Sorrow) being made for their Departure, at the Time prefixed they took a sad and solemn Leave of the Court of *Thebes*; *Dionysius*, with all his Nobles attended them to the Frontier of his Dominions, and returned with Grief for the Loss of such royal Company.

But it must not be forgotten, that *Pollipus*, who resolved to accompany *Parismus* into *Bohemia*, during his Residence in *Thebes*, chanced to be enamoured of a Merchant's only Daughter, named *Violetta*; but she, out of a private Kindness she bore to the Prince, notwithstanding his Marriage, and the Impossibility of enjoying him, resolved to seek her Fortune with him in *Bohemia*; to which End, attiring herself in the Habit of a Page, she came to Court, and soon got Admittance into the Princess's Service; so in a short Time they got to the Port, and soon sailed for *Bohemia*, but the Vessels being small Yatches or Pleasure-Boats, and their Attendance numerous, it was thought fit that *Parismus*, *Laurana*, *Pollipus*, *Leda*, and *Violetta* (now called *Adonius*) should go in one Yatch, and the King of *Bohemia*, with his Attendants in another; long they had not sailed, but so fierce a Tempest arose, that the Ships soon lost one another, and the Prince's Mariners were strongly driven to the Leeward, and in Danger of stranding, cut their Shrouds, and took off their Masts by the Board; but the King's Ship, whether from the Skill of the Seamen, or the Ability of the Vessel, stood away to the Windward, and, though with some Difficulty, made the Coast of *Bohemia*. *Parismus* and *Laurana* being a Comfort to each other in their Distress, began to think all Danger
blown

blown over with the Tempest, but they were soon deceived by the Approach of certain Pirates, who soon boarded them under the Assurance of Conquest; but by the irresistible Power of *Parismus*, *Pollipus*, and the rest, they met with so sharp a Repulse, that they were soon brought in Subjection, many of them being slain, and the rest clapped under the Hatches; wherefore by the Advice of the Seamen, it was decreed to take out such Goods as were of Value, and with them to go aboard the Pyrates Ship; this being done with equal Courage and Success, *Parismus* ordered some of his Men to go ashore, and take in a little fresh Water, for Fear of the worst; which accordingly they did, himself, *Pollipus* and *Adonius* accompanying them, a little to refresh themselves upon the pleasant Shore. No sooner had the Pirates Notice of this Advantage, but presently they broke up their Hatches, surprising and securing the Seamen *Parismus* had left on board, and sinking the Prince's Yatch to prevent Pursuit, set Sail for the Island of *Rocks*, to which they belonged. *Parismus* with the rest ashore, seeing the Disaster, would have done any Thing to stop them in their Flight; but being sensible that doing Violence to himself, was no Means of offering any to them, with great Wisdom (I cannot say much Patience) he attended the Vessel with his Eyes, while she was in Sight, and afterwards with Prayers for the Safety of *Laurana*, who, poor Lady, was all this while insensible of her Misfortune; and only wondered at the tedious Absence of her Lord. *Parismus*, *Poliipus* and *Adonius*, in this Distress, knew not what Course to take, and therefore resolved to stay on Shore, and hale the next Vessel, while the Mariners espying a Smoak, made the Way in Hopes of Succour: But the Prince having spent the remaining Part of the Day in a thousand Complaints of his own Inadvertency, blaming Fortune for Faults himself was guilty of, and himself for such as it was too late to repent of; an aged Man in mean Attire came up, and courteously saluted him with his Associates, and began as follows: *Gentlemen, I perceive, you are Stran-*

gers, brought here by Stress of Weather, otherwise
would not have landed upon so dangerous a Coast.

Truly Father, said *Parifmus*, you guess aright: But
wherein, I pray, lies the Danger of the Coast?

Gentlemen, said he, if you will vouchsafe to accept
poor Lodging in the Hermit's Cell, I will acquaint you with
the Story more at large, where, in mean Safety, you may
pass away the Night, which else on this Shore may be dan-
gerous. To this they thankfully consented, and de-
parted with the Hermit.

The poor Princess all this while knew not of her being
a Prisoner till she came to land at the *Island of Rocismus*
where finding herself in a strange Place, without the A-
Company of her Lord, she began grievously to afflict
herself; but *Andramart*, a great Tyrant, and Governor
of that Island, having Notice of that beautiful Princess
came and courteously invited her into his Castle, and there
used her in a most obliging Manner, hoping thereby to
gain her to his lustful Will, but finding fair Means in-
ineffectual, he sent his Sister *Adamasia*, who reproached
her in a most ignominious Sort, torturing her with know-
Whips, and not allowing her or her Maid *Leda* Nece-
saries for Life, in such Sort that she had well nigh per-
ished: Nevertheless, the virtuous Princess stood un-
moved, and would never submit to *Andramart's* Lusts.
Thus for many Months she lived, till at her Time
pleased the Goddess *Lucina* to deliver her of a Son, whom
she named *Parifmenos*, and put it out to Nurse. Then
came the cruel *Adamasia*, and vowed, that unless she
would yield to *Andramart's* Love, she would murder the
Infant before her Face. Nevertheless she committed
her Virtue to the Care of Heaven, and utterly refused to
give her Consent. The Nurse hearing thereof, and
having a tender Love for so sweet a Babe, fled with
into the Wilderness, and there preserved it many Years.

But to return to *Parifmus*, who by this Time had un-
derstood that Place to be called the *Desolate Island*, where
which the said Hermit was once King, but was sup-
planted by *Bellona*, a Sorceress, and driven to live
him,

that mean Estate; having given an Account at large, he desired them to accept of his hard Bed to refresh themselves for that Night, which for a Time in Civility they refused, but, with much Importunity, at last accepted of. The Climate and Season being somewhat cold, they put *Adonius* in the middle, who, poor Heart! with a trembling Kind of Joy lay all Night between her beloved *Parismus* and loving *Pollipus*, that little imagined who they had to their Bedfellow. So mean was their Lodging, and so great their Grief, that *Parismus* spent most of the Night in sad Complaints for the Absence of his *Laurana*, and *Pollipus* for the Unkindness of his *Violetta*; but the Morning approaching, they all arose, and by Direction of the Hermit, went towards the Castle, notwithstanding his Intreaties to the contrary: Having viewed the Castle, stoutly situated upon a high Rock, they heard the ringing of a small Iron Bell, and in a short Time espied six Knights in bright Armour ferrying over the Moat; *Parismus* and *Pollipus*, not knowing they should be assaulted, received them at their Landing, and that with such Magnanimity and Success, that some fell back into the Water and were drowned, and others lay dead upon the Spot, and the rest submitted to themselves. This News being carried into the Castle, *Bellona* herself came out to meet them with a smiling and pleasant Countenance, whom *Parismus* took to be the same beautiful Prisoner of the Castle, but as he courteously addressed himself to her, she had that Power by her Enchantment to cause a deep Sleep to come upon them all, and commanded forthwith, that they should be carried Prisoners into the Castle. When their Senses were again restored, they were strangely surprized to find themselves fast shut in a Dungeon, and loaded with heavy Irons, having no other Comfort left them but their Prayers to Heaven, and Complaints to one another. Here they continued many Months under as many Hardships as the Cruelty of a Tyrant could inflict; for *Druval*, Paramour to *Bellona*, often sent for them before him, causing them to be tortured in divers Manners,

and taking Delight in their Afflictions. But the Enchantress, seeing the Resolution of *Parismus*, and the Compleatness of his Person, began to entertain lustful Thoughts for him, which she resolved to satiate, tho' with the Loss of her Life: So that giving *Drubal* a stupefactive Potion, she addresses herself in an obliging Manner to *Parismus*, causing his Fetters to be taken off, and desiring him to take a Walk with her in the Garden. *Parismus* wondering at this strange Alteration, resolved to see the Event thereof, and being come into a pleasant Wilderness, he soon apprehended her lustful Inclinations, and yielding a seeming Compliance therewith, he at last took his Opportunity, seizing her by the Hair of her Head, twisted her Neck in such Sort, that he set her Face behind her, whereof she immediately died.

This being done, a strange Tempest of Thunder and Lightning arose, which made the Earth tremble, and the Enchantment being broke, there appeared a mighty Smoak about the Castle, which immediately vanished, and left them, as it were, on plain Ground. After this the Place seemed to be filled with Fiends and damned Spirits, who in a hideous Sort began to torture *Drubal* with his Servants and Officers, insomuch, that for a Time there was nothing to be heard but the Groans and Yells of damned Souls, enough to have terrified the hardiest Knight upon the Earth. Nevertheless, *Parismus*, with immoveable Courage, returned to find out *Pollipus* and *Adonius*, whose Fetters were suddenly fallen off, and they, in a strange Amazement, looking about them; but seeing *Parismus* in Safety, they congratulated each others happy Deliverance, and returned their Thanks to Heaven, that had so miraculously wrought the same. The rest of the Prisoners likewise, understanding that they owed their Deliverance to *Parismus*, came in a most courteous Manner and returned him their humble Thanks; among whom was the Wife and Children of *Antiochus*, the Hermit, who were by his Means restored to their Kingdom, which ever after they quietly enjoyed, rendering the same commodious for

Ships

ships, and hospitable for Strangers, which for some Years had been ruined and desolate, and avoided by Mankind as ominous and unfortunate.

Antiochus, in Gratitude to these worthy Knights, entertained them for some Time courteously in his Palace; and at their Request, hung out a Flag of Truce, to invite Ships into the Port; *Parismus* hoping by that Means to find an Opportunity of going in Pursuit of his *Laurana*. At last a Vessel of *Hungary*, under the Command of *Barzillus*, put ashore, and, at the Request of *Parismus*, with a Promise of great Reward, stay'd there for some Days, till he had prepared all Things in Readiness for the Voyage; and in a solemn Manner taken his Leave of that Court.

C H A P. VIII.

Parismus arrived at the Island of Rocks, kills Andramart; and with his Princess return into Thessaly.

THEY had not sailed many Leagues to the Northward, but near the same Place where they were first attacked, they were again boarded by the same Pirates, whom likewise, after a fierce Engagement, they once more subdued; but, considering their former Treachery, *Parismus* thought good to put the greater Part of them to the Sword, sparing only some few to give him an Account of the Princess, and conduct him to the Place where she was. Whereupon one of them giving him the Story at large, as has been before related; *Parismus*, with *Pollipus* and *Adonius*, were overjoyed to hear of the Princess's Safety, and resolved to free her from her Imprisonment. This Resolution the Gods seemed to favour, for, being come to the Castle Gate, they found *Andramart* just alighted from Hunting, with six Servants, whom, after a sharp Dispute, *Parismus*, with the Help of *Pollipus* and *Barzillus*, slew and subdued, and taking the Keys from *Andramart*, who would

trust

trust none therewith in his Absence, they entered the Castle in Triumph, surprising and slaying the Servants of *Andramart* at their Pleasure.

And now the main Business was to find out the Princess *Laurana*, whom, after a tedious and diligent Search they met with, in a Room no Way fitted for her Condition, but for its Solitariness: She was leaning her Head against the Bosom of *Leda*, with wringed Hand and blubber'd Eyes, uttering nothing but the sweet Name of her beloved *Parismus*. Much ado there was to make these two (once more happy) Lovers sensible of so blessed a Change; but at last, filled with the joyful Approbations of each others Safety, they spent the Time in a most refined and spotless Enjoyment of each other. By this Time *Parismus* having understood the several Usage *Laurana* met with, and the supposed Murder of *Parismenos*, he revenged himself by the severe Death of *Adamasia*, the Authoress thereof, and returned into the Kingdom of *Thessaly*: But with what Joy these long absent Princes were received in the *Thessalian* Court, no Pen is able to express, nor any Reader sufficiently able to comprehend; every one striving who should express the greatest Satisfaction for the Return of a Prince and Princess, whose Fame and Virtues were in all Places loudly spoken of, with Honour, Praise, and the highest Commendations imaginable. King *Dionysius* with his Queen welcomed them with Musick and costly Banquets, and proclaimed a general Rejoicing throughout all his Kingdom for ten Days, to speak the rest of his Contentment for the happy Arrival of this princely Pair: None but the Father of *Violetta*, from the Absence of his dear Daughter, was sad in all that Country; yet he had not that Cause to be so but by Mistake, for she he thought absent was present, disguised in the Habit of a Page, under the Name of *Adonius*, and grieved to see him in that Sorrow, labouring to comfort him, telling him he knew his Daughter would soon arrive at Court, for he had seen her in his Travels, and the Fame of those Festivals, she being at Liberty and in Health, would no

doubt

ubt bring there ; this a little dried up his aged Tears,
ough till a fitter Time ſhe reſolved not to diſcover her-
vaſſ to him or any other.

And *Dionyſius*, now the Exceſs of Joy being ſome-
hat abated, had Leiſure to hear the Travels and ſtrange
dventures of *Parifmus* and *Laurana*, which the noble
ince told him in Order, from his firſt Departure till his
Happy Return, as has been related, recommending to him
his Friend *Pollipus* as the moſt generous of all Knights ;
hom the King embraced and welcomed with much Ten-
erneſs, as if he had been his own Son, for which he return-
ble him all humble Thanks ; but his Mind was ſo taken up
with the ſuppoſed Loſs of his fair *Violetta*, in Search of
whom he reſolved to travel the World once more, that
the Pleaſures of the Court, and the Careſſes he met
with there, had no great Influence on him. Yet to this
er general Rejoycing came many gallant Knights and La-
h ones : Here the valiant *Tellamore* found his Siſter, in
o thoſe Search he had ſpent much Time, and run a thou-
bſed Dangers and Hazards, which greatly rejoiced
Perſon.

Whiſt all theſe Things happened, the Princeſs *Lau-
ana* often retired and wept in ſecret for the Loſs of her
Prinſant, which ſhe had left in the *Iſland of Rocks* ; and
udly though *Parifmus* laboured to comfort her, yet nothing
ould prevail with her to put the Idea of it out of her
ender Heart ; ſometimes ſhe wiſhed ſhe had died her-
and ſelf to have ſaved it, concluding it muſt be dead ; at
ing other Times, ſhe flatters herſelf, that the Protection of
innocents was the peculiar Care of Heaven. But at
length, being brought to Bed of a fair Daughter, which
he named *Laurinda*, her Sorrows began to leſſen ; and
his Daughter growing up was married to the King of
gh *Hungary's* Son, named *Polineſſo*, a valiant Knight, who
ndertook many ſtrange Adventures before he obtained
er Love, becoming famous in Arms, and performing
he many brave Exploits, as in the next Chapter will ap-
r hear.

C H A P. IX.

How Polinisso, Prince of Hungary fell in Love with fair Laurinda, the Daughter of Parismus and Larana; with a Relation of his noble Exploits and Stories: The Means he took to discover his Passion to their Successful Love and happy Marriage, &c.

I Have told you in the foregoing Chapter, that at the Loss of her Infant in the *Isle of Rocks*, *Larana* was comforted in bringing forth a fair Daughter whose Beauty exceeded that of her own; she was brought up with much Pomp, and named *Laurinda*; great Care was taken in her Education, and as she grew the Fame of her peerless Beauty spreading in many Courts, captivated divers Princes before they saw her, and amongst others the brave *Pollinesso*, Son to the King of Hungary, who with a splendid Equipage came to his Father's Court, and was highly welcomed for the Dignity of his House, as well as the Grace and Comeliness of his Person; to which, above all, were added the Fame of his noble Atchievements; who at the Head of ten thousand Men, had fought fifty thousand of his Father's Rebels, and with his own Hand killed the Ring-leaders, he thereby restored Peace to Hungary, and after that, he much enlarged those Territories to the Borders of *Silesia*, *Moravia*, *Cratia*, &c. and won such Victories over the *Turks*, as made his Name famous as that of the great *Huniades*, from whom he descended.

And this Prince gained many Advantages over his numerous Rivals, and those not inconsiderable, in the many Tilts and Tournaments, *Parismus* made to entertain his noble Guests, he won immortal Honours, which made the beautiful *Laurinda*, who was usually a Spectator, cast her Eye upon him more than any other, because he had an Opportunity to make his Affection known to her by any other Way, than by keeping his

often fixed on hers; sometimes suffering a Sigh to
 pe, when he was not so watchful over his Passion,
 usually was. One Day being in the cool Alleys, co-
 d from the Heat, by arching Shades, with *Gla-*
 a her Maid, whom she most confided in; just as she
 ed on a mossy Bank, overspread with Vines, she
 eived the Prince *Pollinisso*, his Face somewhat tur-
 from her, and shaded by the Boughs in a Slumber:
 Maid seeing a little Picture lying by him in a
 let String, was curious to step forward to take it up.
 O Heavens! when the Princess, to whom she
 ight it, had cast her Eyes on it, and perceiving it
 the Resemblance of her fair self; her Blushes co-
 d her Face with a rosy Die, and she was not able
 eak for a long time, for the Confusion it put her

uring this Amazement of the Princess, *Pollinisso*
 ed a little, and after many deep Sighs, said, *Ab!*
 o long shall I suffer, and not be able to let her know it;
 se christal Eyes kill me, tho' with a pleasing Pain, *Ab!*
 ear Laurinda, how many Torments do I undergo, whilst
 all innocent and fair, art ignorant of them? Let me
 Courage then and prostrate myself at the Feet of my
 ed Princess! implore her to be gracious! Whilst Lau-
 a hearken'd to his piteous Complaint, her Maid
 ing a little in Respect, the Prince, thoroughly awa-
 d turned his Eyes that way, and casting them on
 Face of the fair Princess, who was about to retire
 ome Confusion, he took her at first to be his
 ardiian Angel, dazling with Brightness; but, at
 th, perceiving it was the real Beauty he adored,
 doubting but she had overheard his Passion, resolv'd
 ake this Opportunity to fall at her Feet; when
 g in a submissive Manner, he went towards the
 bling Princess, who had no Power, at that Time
 y from him; and bending one Knee to the Ground,
 aid, *Fairest of Creatures, pardon my bold Intrusion on*
Privacy, but the Occasion that emboldens me to do it,
less a Concernment, than the Life of this happy or mise-
erable

able Prince kneeling before you, his Destiny being entire in your Power. The Princess was so amazed at the Declaration, that she was not able to frame an Answer but kept her Eyes fixed on the Ground, which gave him the free Liberty to finish the Story of his Passion which he did in such moving Words and Gestures offering her his Sword to free herself of a Life he tender'd her, if it was any ways displeasing to her, the tender-hearted Lady, letting fall some Tears, promised not to be insensible of his Passion, nor ungrateful to his Merits, but to do in all Things what might become a virtuous Lady, intreating him to be satisfied with it. At this he became so transported, that he could hardly contain his Joy, from bursting into a Thousand extravagant Expressions; but seeing many Ladies enter the Garden, the Princess retired to entertain them, and gave him an Opportunity to get out unseen of them.

After this he had the Favour to entertain her in his own Chamber, many Letters passed between them and after he had signalized himself in a Thousand gallant Actions for her Service, *Parismus* and *Laurinda* coming to the Knowledge of their Loves, and considering by their own, the Passions of others, who had noble Souls like theirs, there was little Difficulty found in the Compliance; so that after some Crosses and Disappointments before they knew their Hearts were nearly united and firmly linked in the Bonds of Love they consented to the Marriage, and their Hands were joyned to their mutual Satisfaction in the Temple of *Hymen*, with great Magnificence, Pomp, and Solemnity, to the Joy of the whole Nation, who kept Feast Ten Days in Honour of the Wedding.

After this, they lived in great Splendour, and had a Son named *Perneneffo*, of whose Fame you will hear in the Third Part of this History.

C H A P. X.

Now Frenetta, Daughter to King Antiochus, fell in Love with Polipus; and upon his refusing her, ran distracted, and died mad.

W Hilst Polipus lingred, attended by his supposed Adonius: Frenetta, Daughter to King Antiochus, who had entertained him and Parismus so honourable in the Desolate Island, came in Search of him to the Thessalian Court, as being extreamly in Love, and finding him, he welcomed her to the Palace, with much Joy, Pleasure, and many endearing Expressions, for the kind Offices she had done him, during his Stay in her Father's Court, and recommended her to the Thessalian Ladies, who entertained her with many Obligements. This Courtesie of Polipus, the Princess making it to proceed from his Love and Affection to her, fondly gave the Reins to her Passion, and indulged herself with Flatteries, of Things she was never like to possess; yet finding he proceeded not to court her, as she expected, and her Fever of Love encreasing, after long Time tormenting herself in Mind, and not being able to rule her Passion, she resolved at the Cost of many Blushes to break the Rule, which the Modesty of some Virgins allow not, and plainly tell him her Mind. When one Day meeting him in the Gallery with Adonius, as he came towards her, to salute her in his usual Manner, desiring to know whether she was at Liberty to bestow her Conversation on him, to pass away a few solitary Hours; after some Blushes and Excuses, she willingly consented, and after some Discourse, about indifferent Things, that had passed between them, she drew him aside to the Window that look'd into a pleasant Garden, and not being able to contain herself any longer, she thus began.

Courteous Knight, Excuse me, if contrary to the Maiden Rule, which ties them up to too much Reservedness, I am constrain'd to reveal a Secret that struggles, and is

too mighty for my Breast to contain: To be plain, I love you with the truest Affection a willing Heart can entertain and without like Returns of Love from you I find I must be miserable. Polipus was not a little startled at this unexpected Discourse, excusing himself as unworthy of so great a Favour, till finding she grew impatient of Denial, and that his Compliments only added Fuel to her Flame, he thought it best to undeceive her, lest the Impression he had made in her Heart, should go too deep, and endanger so virtuous and innocent a Creature, who he thought deserved well at his Hands; one who had refused many Princes for his Sake. But, as he was about to tell her of his Engagement to *Violetta*, *Parismus*'s coming interrupted it; so that the Princess, being thus prevented in the suitable Answer she expected, went away blushing and in much Heaviness, leaving her beloved Knight in much Confusion at this unexpected Adventure, which *Parismus* perceiving, so earnestly pressed him to know what laboured in his Mind, that he told him all that passed between him and the Princess *Frenetta*. The Prince endeavoured to persuade him to a Compliance with her Love, urging the Advantages he would gain in marrying a King's Daughter, with a Kingdom to his Dower: one wise and beautiful, and not easily to be excelled in Perfection of Body and Mind.

Adonius, who had over-heard all this, was mightily troubled, thinking these Persuasions might alter his Love, in Favour of that Princess, so that the Tears trickled down her Eyes; for this *Adonius*, as we have said, was that *Violetta*, in Disguise, that he had vowed eternal Constancy to: But when she heard his Reason, Joy overflowed her Heart: For, said he, most noble Prince, though indeed I can but compassionate this poor Maid, who does me an Honour of which I am not worthy in granting me her Love, but having vowed eternal Constancy to my dear *Violetta*, and whose true Affection I am confident of; though she be not a King's Daughter, yet she is dearer to me than all the Princesses in the World, shall any Crown bribe me to break my Vows to her; but

I may be my Absence, in Search of her, may do the Princess Kindness in curing her of a Passion, which comes too must to be eased by me.

Parismus, who had proceeded before to try his Con-
fancy, applauded this virtuous Opinion of his, but *Vio-*
Denitta, exceedingly rejoic'd, as being now confirmed no
Flame, how much soever it might exceed her's was
capable to gain a Place in his Heart above her: But,
p, however where ever he walk'd she kept so near to him,
ho that she hindred all the Opportunities of the Princess's
reful speaking to him, 'till at last, being about to depart in
g in search of her, that was always so near him in
Disguise, he resolv'd to force himself so far as to
venter deceive the Princess; and thereupon stealing from
ushin *Adonius*, he went to her Chamber, where he found
ight her cast on her Bed, and her fair Eyes much injur'd
whi by the often trickling down of Tears: at the Sight of
o kn him she rais'd herself up, as well as the Weakness
all th of her Condition would allow, and in Hopes he
ame to make a Proffer of his Love to her, her
plian Heart was so revived, that fresh Blood came into her
ld g Face, grown pale with Sorrow, and caused a comely
n to Blush: She welcom'd him with many kind Expressions,
y to out he, perceiving the Mistake, sat down by her, and
aying his Hand on hers, whilst she gave him a melting
night Kiss, fetching a deep Sigh, he said, *Ah! Divine*
lter Princess, that I must be ungrateful, to so much Beauty and
Te Goodness; that I must refuse what is offer'd, and yet
ve h acknowledge it much above my Deserts; yet pardon me that
vow I am constrain'd to do it; and call in that Love you have
Rep placed on one that can make no suitable Return; my Heart
oft n had entertain'd another Guest before I saw your beautecus
his r Face, a Lady, tho' no Princess, to whom I have vow'd
wor eternal Constancy, tho' I know not at present what Part of
al O the World entertaineth her.

This the Princess took so heavily, to find she was ut-
terly rejected, that not being capable to reply, bursting
into Tears, with a great Cry, she cast herself on her Bed,
and fell into a deep Swoon, from which he endeavour'd

to recover her; but, in the mean Time her Maid came about her, and when he saw her begin to revive, he, least his Presence should the more trouble her, withdrew himself: But when she came to her Senses, and missed him she fell into grievous Complaints, and such immoderate Sorrow, that it disordered her Brain to a Degree of Distraction, so what with that and pining away, by refusing Food, this poor Princess, who came too late to possess a Heart she so fain would have enjoyed, died greatly lamented by all that heard of her sad Story.

C H A P. XI.

How Pollipus, unknown to him, lay with Violetta; how he told her the Story of his Love, and the Comfort he gave him; how at last she discovered herself to him &c.

THOUGH there were many Tournaments and Jufts, ordained in Honour of *Parismus's* Marriage, and many renowned Knights did Wonders, yet *Parismus* himself, in Honour of his fair Bride, entered the List, performed such Wonders in Chivalry, untho' fighting all he encountered, that the Laurel was placed on his Head by the Judges of the Field, as an Assurance of Victory; and in the close of the Evening, the whole Palace being illuminated with Wax Tapers, the Ladies prepared to dance, and there was royal Feasting, as well for the Strangers as those that appertained to the Court. But all this while *Pollipus* was very sad, and intent about his Departure in Search of *Violetta*, who had lain with him so often unknown, or undiscovered of what Sex she was, which made him privately withdraw from his noble Assembly, that hasting to Bed, he might be up the earlier to be going in the Morning; he soon did what was proposed, and ordered his supposed Page to lie with him; he slept little that Night, but proved very restless, sighing and groaning very much tossing to and fro, as one much disturbed in Mind, grie-

ing for the Death of the Princess *Frenetta*, and more, when he considered the Dangers, as he supposed, his dear *Violetta* might be exposed to, for Want of his Assistance; which made her, who then lay by him, inwardly smile; and, to pass away the Time, resolved to enter into a Discourse with him; whereupon, Sir Knight, said she, *I wonder that for a considerable Time past, I have perceived you altogether restless and uneasy, start in your sleep, and talk of strange Things to yourself; therefore, continued she, I beseech you, if I have found Favour in your Sight, or at any Time been gracious in your Eyes, let me make it my Request that you would freely open your Bosom Thoughts to me, and hide not from your poor Servant the weighty Secrets that so much oppress you; perhaps Heaven may be so propitious, as to inspire me with such Counsel, as may afford you a timely Remedy, before you throw yourself into a despairing Condition.*

Poor Boy, replied he, *thy Love is unquestionable to me, and I know, lay it in thy Power to ease the Dolors, and Anguish of my Soul, they would not be of long Continuance; but, alas! in the Condition I am in, all thy Love, Strength, Art, or Policy, is unavailable in this Case.*

But pray, said she, let me know it however, and if I can't do what I would to contribute to your Quiet and Happiness, I will do it to the utmost of my Power, and doubt not but some Advantage may accrue by it.

And so long she pressed him, that at last, fetching a deep Sigh, he told her of all the material Passages of his Love, and that the Cause of his Grief sprung from a Fear, that he was slighted by her he so much loved, since he had never heard of her in any Court wherein he had been enquiring for her.

Is this all? said she, *can a Fancy, set on a Woman's Beauty, breed such Disquiet in the Mind of so valiant and brave a Knight? Come, come, trouble yourself no more about it; your Worth; if she had any Knowledge of your Love, is of Force sufficient to gain her Affections, and keep her constant: Come, cheer up, Sir for I know this Violetta well; that she is of so virtuous Disposition, that nothing*

can make her condescend to any Thing that is not brave and generous; and if I can presage aright, as often I have done, there is no doubt but in a short Space you will find her; and not only find her, but find her courteous and loving, free from Disdain, and even from Coyneſs, any more than Modesty requires.

This Discourse, though he could lay no great Stress upon it, was, however, pleasing to our Knight, so that towards Morning he fell into a pleasant Slumber, and dreaming he was embracing his dear *Violetta*, with such Content and Satisfaction, that the Thoughts of it almost ravished when he was awake, and taking it for a good Omen of finding her, he halted to get ready his Horse in order to be gone; when *Violetta*, who had all this while gone under the disguised Name of *Adonius*, in a Page's Habit, and had lain with her dear *Pollipus* undiscovered to him, and thereby knew more particularly the Sincerity of his Affections towards her; when she found she was unable, by the inward Motions of her Heart to conceal herself any longer from his Knowledge; she had heard the Sighs and Groans he had uttered, and seen the many Tears that in pearly Drops distilled from his Eyes for her supposed Loss, whilst she lay by his Side; and at other Times, when she accompanied him in lonely Woods and Groves, where he vented his Woeful and Lamentations; and finding he was about to take his Leave of *Parismus*, in Search of her, she concluded he had been enough afflicted, and ought to suffer no more, when it was in her Power to remedy it: Yet to save her Blushes and Honour, she thought a convenient Opportunity was best; and therefore being in Bed with him, and hearing his Sighs, though she was still under the Disguise of a Page, she told him, she in a little Time doubted not but to ease his Sorrow, but he had made him little Account of it; she told him she knew very well where this Lady was, and could do more with her, on his Behalf, than any one living. He only replied, *Alas! pretty Youth, I know thou endeavourest to delude my Sorrows; but I tell you no Flattery or Insinuation can end them*

will I find her, unless Death puts an End to my Woes, in
the tedious Search I am about to make after her

Upon this she persuaded him not to undertake it, and
had much ado to refrain from Tears; she thought instant-
ly to have discovered herself, but Honour checked her
Passion in such an unseemly Place; yet promised that
the next Day she would ease his Pain, and prevent his
Journey, by presenting his Mistress before him. This
he still looked on as a Fable, and so, as well as his rest-
less Condition would permit, he fell asleep.

The Sun the next Morning had no sooner guilded the
Earth with its glorious Beams, had made all Nature re-
joice with its kind Light and Heat, but the fair one,
rising first, desired him to come to her in the neighbour-
ing Grove, under the spreading *Beech-tree*, where he
had so often uttered his Lamentations, and carved the
Cypher of his Beloved's Name on the tender Bark, and
there he should find the Joy and Satisfaction she had
promised him: She needed not to use many Arguments
to incite him, for he immediately promised to obey. In
the mean while, by the Means of *Leda*, the Princess
Laurana's Maid, she had got female Apparel, very rich
and costly, and hid them at some Distance from the
Place in a Thicket.

Pollipus, you may be sure, was not slow to keep his
Word, though Doubts and Fears were greater than his
expected Joys. It was not long (for the Steps of Lo-
vers are always swift) ere he arrived at the well-known
Place, and finding only the supposed *Adonius* there, sit-
ting on a little Hill, raised of Turffs, very pensive and
thoughtful, he fancied all the Contrivance was only to
lull his Sorrows asleep; but she no sooner heard his
Thread, but starting up and running to meet him, put
him into other Thoughts; when she told him, if he
would have Patience to sit a little, she would fetch the
Saint he did so much admire to him.

Alas! *Ab!* said *Pollipus*, embracing her, *If that could be
done, all the Business of my Life should be to make thee
amends.*

Well,

Well, replied she, If I do not, let me henceforth suffer all your Hate, which would be worse to me than Death.

Hereupon she departed, and went into the Thicket and put off her Pages Habit, and attired herself with the other: At her Approach he started, and thought he saw a Vision, the Brightness of Angels casting a Radiance of divine Beauty, through the shading Branches of the Grove; and immediately hasting to meet so heavenly a Creature, astonished, and not able to speak, he fell down at her Feet; but she raised him gently, when looking on her lovely and well-known Eyes, with Kisses and Tears he embraced her, as yet not being able to speak for Joy; but coming a little to himself, and having poured out his passionate Affections, his next Words were to enquire for *Adonius*, that he might requite him in some Measure for so great a Favour: but giving him a tender Kiss, she said, *Ab, my Lord, you have the Page in me, Adonius and Violetta are all one. Through the Affection I bore you, and to try your Constancy, I put on that Disguise of Name and Habit.* This struck him with greater Wonder and Admiration than before that he could scarce believe he was awake, and that it was rather a Dream than a Reality; but upon her often repeating it, delivering him a Jewel he had given her, and all the former Circumstances of her Love and Misfortunes, in an Excess of Joy he was confirmed of the Truth; and so an End being put to his Sorrow, and intended Search, he led the admired Lady to his Lodgings.

The News of this coming to the Knowledge of *Parisismus* and his fair Princess, caused great Joy in them, who immediately went to visit the two Lovers, and congratulate their happy Meeting; but when *Parisismus* knew that *Violetta* had been represented by *Adonius*, he could not but be in greater Admiration than his Friend, embracing her tenderly, as did his Princess, declaring her Innocence and Virtue: And hereupon *Andrugio*, her Father, being sent for, with Tears of Joy gave his Consent, joining their Hands in a happy Marriage, which

is celebrated with great Pomp and Magnificence, *Dionysius* and his Queen being at the Wedding. And with this happy Marriage we conclude the first Part of this renowned History.

The End of the First Part.

THE
FAMOUS and RENOWNED
History of PARISMUS.

The SECOND PART.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Parismus and Laurana's Departure from the Kingdom of Thessaly to Bohemia; also Pollipus and Violetta's Arrival there, and the Misfortune that befell them.



LEAVING the two new-married Lovers enjoying all the Felicity they could desire, in the Court of *Dionysius*, King of *Thessaly*, we must follow *Parismus* and his fair Princess returning once more

more to *Bohemia*, who were not parted with, but with Tears and much Sorrow, by *Dionysius*, the Queen *Oliva*, and all the Court; However they were attended with a very noble Train, of some, which we shall have Occasion to speak hereafter, and so, for Brevity's Sake, in this Place omit their Names. In their Way by Land they passed through many Countries, without meeting with any Adventures worthy of Note; and arriving on the Confines of *Bohemia*, the Prince welcomed his beloved *Laurana* to a Country, of which *Dionysius* tiny, after some Hardships, which she was yet to undergo, had resigned her Queen.

Parisius had sent Word before of his coming, and therefore *Bohemians* every where welcomed him and his Princess with Joy, and Shows of Triumph; and amongst those that came to meet and congratulate him, was one *Ancestes*, a Nobleman, who entreated him to his Way to the Court to take an Entertainment at his House, which he kindly accepted, where he and his Company were entertained with great Splendor and Magnificence; and here it was, upon Notice given by this Nobleman, that the King and Queen of *Bohemia* casting off their great Sadness, came to meet them, and with Tears of Joy expressed their Welcome. Not long after the Court had abounded with Feasts and triumphant Shows, and all that could express the Welcome of so long an absent Prince, and the fair Lady he had gained by his Virtue and Valour; *Pollipus* and *Violetta* arrived to participate of the Joys with their beloved Friends; but in a little Time there happened an Accident that much eclipsed the Mirth of the Court, especially that of the Prince and his Princess; for *Pollipus* and his beloved Lady going in the Evening to take their Recreation in the Forrest, without any Attendants, as they were discoursing of Love and former Adventures, a huge Bear came towards them, which terrible Beast affrighting the Lady, he started up and drew his Sword to shield her from the Danger, immediately putting the Beast to Flight; but not thinking it enough unless he brought his Head to lay at her Feet, as a Trophy of his Honour; he pursued him among the thickest of Trees, contrary to her Intreaty, and at last killed him; but in the mean while, she fearing his Safety, and apprehensive of her own Danger, strayed so far, that when he returned he could not find her. Whereupon he immediately run to the Court, thinking her Fears had carried her thither; but not, upon Enquiry and the most diligent Search, getting any Notice of her, he run like one distracted back again to the Forrest, with his bloody Sword in his Hand, but to no Purpose; for she, growing weary with searching for him, and thinking he was devoured of wild Beasts, sat down on a Bank to bewail her Misfortunes making grievous Complaints; which one *Arctus*, called, *The Cruel*, for his Tyranny and Villainy, hearing, as he was beating the Roads for Prey, entered the Forrest, and seeing a Woman in a disconsolate Condition, and at the same Time beholding her excellent Beauty, who looked lovely in Tears, he demanded the Cause of her Bewailings, which she had no sooner told him, in Hope of great F

a courteous Knight, and that by his Assistance her Lord might find; but on the contrary, burning with lustful Desires, he told her, if she would amount behind one of his Servants, and ride to the Court, he and the rest would search the Woods, and bring her Lord her. To this, with some Unwillingness, she consented, giving her Scarff too shew *Pollipus* as a Pledge of her Safety, that he should no longer doubt or torment himself with Fears: But this treacherous Tyrant had given private Orders she should be immediately carried to his Castle, standing some Miles from thence, among Rocks and Mountains, very difficult of Access, which was performed, notwithstanding her Struggling and Cries to prevent it; and that upon Search she might be thought to be torn in Pieces by wild Beasts, he tore her Scarff, and scattered it in the Paths of the Forrest; which *Pollipus*, upon finding it, believing, made such Lamentations as pierced not only the Heart of the valiant *Parismus*, but of the most durate: He thereupon running into the Woods, and vowing not to leave over Search till he found her. *Laurana* hearing this, was much cast down in Sorrow for the cross Accident that had befallen the two constant Lovers: And many were sent to look for *Pollipus*, and assist him, if in Danger; but could not at that Time find him: So that she must leave him in Search awhile for his Lady, and return to other adventures.

C H A P. II.

Now the Nurse of *Parismenos*, the Princess *Laurana*'s Son, being killed by a Lion in the Tartarian Isle of Rocks, he lived in great Hardship as a wild Man, and arrived at *Andramart*'s Castle; how he was received there to his Content, and after a hard Combat, and being desirous to seek Adventures, put to Sea, where he fought with the Moorish Pyrates, but being separated and shipwrecked by Storm, he was cast on the Coast of Thrace, and there named the Knight of Fame.

YOU have heard already how the fair and beautiful Princess *Laurana* was delivered of a Son in her great Distress, in the Isle of Rocks; this Son being there taken from her, by Order of *Andramart*, and *Adamasia*, his cruel Sister and the Princess's Jaylor, to grieve and afflict the Lady the more, because she would not yield to the Tyrant's Lust; and not being able to terrify or win upon her Virtue, Orders were given in her hearing to the Nurse to murder it: As the Sorrow she conceived hereat, it is in vain for us to go about to describe it; but so Providence ordered, to the future Comfort of his Parents, that the Nurse, in Obedience to their wicked Commands, setting the Knife twice or thrice to its Throat, the innocent Babe still smiling in her Face, Compassion wrought with her so far, that she had neither Courage nor the Heart to destroy it; whereupon one Moon-eve Night, she left the Castle privately, and went with it into a Cave in the great Forrest, where she nourished it some Years with the Milk of a Goat

Goat she carried along with her, feeding herself upon Roots, and Fruits as the Forest afforded in the various Seasons, and though was much searched for, could not be found.

At length *Andramart* and his cruel Sister, as in the first Part mentioned, being put to Death by *Parisus*, and the suffering Princess rescued by her dear Lord from their barbarous Hands, this poor Woman supposing the Danger to be over, and designing to carry the Child back to the Mother, in the Way meeting with a Lion eager for Prey, threw down the Babe; but the cruel Beast smelling to it, and finding it of royal Blood, left it, and pursued the poor flying Wretch, whom he soon overtook and devoured; so that after this the Child was about three Years old, not knowing whence he came, nor where to go, thought that Forest to be all the World, and therefore was striding up and down in it, feeding upon what Providence sent, and in this Condition he lived till he grew up to Man's Estate; then, being one Day, and reposing in the Cave where he had been nursed, he fancied in his Dream, that his Nurse appeared to him, and led him by the Hand to a fair Castle, wherein he beheld an Abundance of fine People, who entertained him with curious Delicates, harmonious Sounds, and all other Things that were both delightful and pleasant to his Thoughts: Awaking he much pondered upon these Things, and found himself delighted with the Thoughts of them, when immediately, as he was musing, a young Bear started out of the Brake, the Chase of which he followed with only his Hunting Pole in his Hand; this Beast flying before him, and out-stripping him, came to the Edge of the Forrest, and in the Plain, being more nimble of Foot, he soon overtook and destroyed him, taking the Skin, which he flew off with a sharp Flint Stone, as his Spoil, and feeding on Part of the Carcass. But now being out of the Forrest, which he had never been before, he thought himself in a strange Country, and, finding it pleasant, resolved to ramble, which he did so long, till he came within Sight of a fair Castle, which he fancied to be the same he had seen in his Dream, and which made so great an Impression on his Mind, that he resolved to go to it, and with much Difficulty ascended the steep rocky Stairs; but then he must pass the Guard, who used him very roughly; yet, with his mighty Staff, like *Hercules*, he broke his Way, laying two or three of them at his Feet, which put all into an Uproar: but encompassing him and taking him Prisoner, by his Discourse and Behaviour finding he must be one that was made, or savagely brought up in the Woods, they offered him no further Violence, but for his Valour entertained him amongst them, to his great Delight and Contentment, having changed the Society of Beasts now to that of Men, and a different Habitation.

One Day discoursing with the chief of them, and hearing there were other Countries besides this, wherein many noble Acts of Chivalry were performed, his Courage was so inflamed, that he was restless till he had engaged *Tiresus*, the Chief of them, to promise to carry him with him into other Lands, when the Ships set out, the

might seek Adventures; and he accordingly consented, that in their sailing they were set on by the *Moorish* Pirates, where he stood them in great Stead, beating the storming Enemy into the Sea by scores, till at last a mighty Tempest arising, ended the Fight, yet brought them into worse Danger, by beating the Vessel in Pieces on Rocks and Quicksands, in which Shipwreck almost all were drowned; but Providence saved this Prince, after two Days floating on a broken Raft, that carried him on Shore in *Thrace*, almost dead, by reason of the Wounds he received in the Fight, and the Fatigue he received in the briny Waves; but in this despairing Condition being taken into favour by the Duke *Amasenus*, upon relating to him the Story of his life, and the Doubtfulness of his Birth and Parentage, he was called by him, *The Knight of Fame*, after he had knighted him, and put him in an Equipage of Chivalry.

C H A P. III.

How Amphiron, being in Love with Duke Amasenus's Dutcheß, contrived to debauch her; but being rejected by the virtuous Lady, his Love turned to Revenge; when being jealous of Parismenos, he contrived with a Waiting Woman of her's to incense the Duke against him, who ordered Parismenos to be devoured by Lions, and the Dutcheß to be burnt. How he slew the Lions, acquitted his and her Innocency, and discovered the Treason.

Parismenos continued in the Court of *Thrace*, so civilized himself after his former rough Manner, that he soon became so accomplished a Knight, that most of the great Ladies of the Court cast their Eyes upon him, and could not forbear blushing, when he did the like on them; but he, destined to another's Fortune, was so little sensible of that silent Love Language, that it made no Impression in his Mind: In all the Jufts and Tournaments he so bravely behaved himself, that he carried the Prize from the stoutest Champions, tho' Warriors of long Experience: When he hunted the Lions and Tygers in huge Forrests, that are in that vast Country, he would outstrip them on Foot, and singly charging the furious Beast with his Spear, remain Conqueror.

This early Growth in Virtue and Valour, as it made him highly beloved by some, so it gained him the Envy of others, whose Glory he eclipsed by the martial Promises of a growing Greatness; amongst whom was Prince *Amphiron*, a Man of a proud Spirit, who pretended secret Love to *Amasenus's* Dutcheß, an exceeding beautiful Lady, of whom he had been enamoured before her Marriage with the Duke, and his Anger was the more whetted, because he was jealous of another Rival, perceiving the often Cast of her Eyes on the gallant young Knight. He had by many secret Contrivances plotted the Duke's Death, to bring his Ends about, but still was frustrated, and not being able to refrain from treacherous Practices, now hired several

Ruffians to kill *Parifmenos*, that his Way might be the freer to his wicked Attempts, who way-laid him in the Evening as he was returning to the Palace; but, though he was without Armour, and had no other Weapon but his Sword, he so bravely defended himself, and offended his Enemies, that two of the four were soon laid dead at his Feet, which so froze the Courage of the rest, that despairing to effect their wicked Enterprize, they fled to him that had set him to Work, with the News of the Disappointment, leaving *Parifmenos* to pass on to his Apartment. *Amphiron* fretted at this, however he sent to fetch off the dead Bodies and bury them secretly, to prevent Discovery; giving out that Thieves pestered the City, and committed Outrages, saying, himself (not long before) had been set upon in like Manner, shewing an old Wound long before received, the better to colour the Matter.

Though *Amphiron* in this and other Projects had been defeated, he resolved not to give over; and finding he could not enjoy the fair Dutchess, and that by her seldom stirring abroad without a strong Guard of Spearmen and Archers, he despaired of carrying her away by Surprize, and enjoying her by Force, exasperated him the more, because she had lately protested, if he troubled her any longer with his detested Love, she would acquaint the Duke her Husband with it to his Ruin, he changed his Love into Hatred, and resolved to be revenged on her, by making her eternally infamous.

The fair Dutchess had a Waiting-Woman named *Autominosa*, to whom *Amphiron* pretended Love, and with many costly Gifts so won upon her Affection, that she was wholly at his Devotion, discovering all the Dutchess's Secrets to him, in which he found ground to raise the Duke's Jealousy, to which (of his own Nature) he was very much inclinable, he being in Years, and his Lady exceeding handsome; when finding him listen to what he insinuated, he took the Boldness to tell him, if he had a Mind to be satisfied with his own Eyes, he would give him that Satisfaction by personating her Lover, whom she used to entertain from her Balcony in the Gardens, from which he had often seen a Ladder of Ropes let down and the Party ascended, as he verily believed, by their Expressions, to enjoy her, whom, he said, he would have killed on the Spot, but for Fear the Discovery should wound the Dutchess's Reputation; yet seeing she left not off those wicked Practices, he, after long struggling with his Conscience, found himself in Duty bound to declare the Injury to his Highness, the most loving of Husbands, and the most wronged of Men.

The Duke heard this with much Impatience, and after vowing severe Revenge, without further considering what Virtue and Innocence he injured by the Traducement of a Traytor, he ordered him to put in Practice what he proposed, and himself would be in an hour near enough to hear and see what passed. This treacherous Man no sooner left the Duke, but he went to *Autominosa*, faining a pleasant Humour, and after some Caresses told her, that she must play Frolick for his Sake that Evening, which was, to dress herself in on

the Dutchess's Suits of Apparel, fine as might be, and appear in the Balcony, to entertain him with Love Discourse, imitating her Voice as near as possible, and call him her dear *Parismenos*, to prevent the true Knowledge of his Name, and let down the Rope Ladder, that she then gave her for him to ascend, that so enjoying her, he might conclude he had enjoyed in her the Dutchess, and so weaning himself from that proud Beauty, fix his whole Affection on her, and make her his Wife. The poor easy Girl, ignorant of his Intentions, in hopes of a noble Husband, readily consented; and at the Time appointed, the Duke by her Habit, Voice and Face, that appeared by the Glimmering of the Moon, concluded it was his Lady, and that she was adulterously inclined to *Parismenos*, whose Youth and Beauty had overcome her Chastity. *Amphiron*, who would not ascend the Ladder, though let down, pretending he saw one at a Distance in the Garden, no sooner returned to the Duke, but he found him in such a Rage, that he could hardly hinder him from fresh executing his Vengeance on them immediately; but the crafty Traytor delayed him till he could send away *Autumnosa*, lest, upon breaking out of the Business, she should make her Discovery to free the Dutchess, which before Day he did to a Castle belonging to him some Leagues distant; promising to follow and marry her; but, by the Way, she, according as he had ordered, was murdered and buried in a Wood; as one of the Murderers, coming to die at the Gallows, confessed.

To be brief, the Day following the Dutchess was condemned to be burned, and *Parismenos* to be devoured by two Lions before her Face, ere Fire was set to the Pile, their Protestation of Innocence nothing mollifying the Duke's hard Heart. *Parismenos* was, by the Intercession of the Nobles, allowed to wear Gantlets, with which (contrary to their Expectation) he slew both those furious Beasts; and then, aloud, he demanded the Combat with his Accuser, to clear the Dutchess's Innocence, as he had done his own; which was thought so reasonable, that *Amphiron* was against his Will constrained to undertake it; and both being mounted, after a sharp Combat, *Parismenos* gave his Adversary so many Wounds, that fainting he fell from his Horse, and cried out he was a dead Man; and, indeed, being about to give up the Ghost, his Conscience touched him so nearly, that he openly confessed this, and all his other Treasons and ill Practices against the Duke and Dutchess, desiring theirs and *Parismenos*'s Pardon, whose Innocency he had wronged in Hopes of Revenge, declaring to make Amends to the Accomplices of his Treacheries, and so died, leaving them to be executed on the Gallows, where many of them suffered. The Dutchess hereupon was freed, and *Parismenos* highly praised; but for all this, he wanted not Enemies in the Court, as will appear in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

How Parismenos, gaining the Love of the Duke, was envied by Courtiers; how they conspired against his Life, and how he was revenged of them, &c.

BEING now in the *Thracian* Court, when he had made a full Relation of his Story, but could give no Account of his Name, Parentage, or the Country he was bred up in; the Duke, at the Insinuation of *Chorus*, a Knight of the Court, who feared *Parismenos* might eclipse his Glory, and the Name he had undeservedly gotten began to have him in Distrust; but, upon the plain Answers he made him, being convinced of his Innocence, and that he was no Pirate or Spy; as the other had suggested, he reprov'd the envious Courtiers and carrying *Parismenos* with him to many great Entertainments, provoked *Chorus* so much, that he sent the Prince a Challenge; and he entreating the Duke's Leave to enter the Combat with him, it was consented to; and so in a long and bloody Conflict he slew his Adversary, which gained him much Love of the common Sort of People, especially, because that Lord was the most haughty, proud, and injurious Person in the Country.

After this, the Duke's Opinion of him encreased; but for the Cause the Knights of the Court envied him; but more particularly because the Ladies had cast their Eyes on him, and highly approv'd his comely Personage, Beauty, and courteous Behaviour, which shew'd him to be of no mean Birth, fearing that he would win all the Honour and Love, and leave them frustrated of their Expectation.

Among these Knights was *Argulus*, a Kinsman to *Chorus*, whom he had slain in fair Combat; this Man, to bring his Destruction the better to pass, made great Shew of Friendship and Kindness to him, insinuating the more cunningly by the Means of one *Themidas*, whom *Parismenos* had some good Opinion, because the Duke favour'd him; so between them they persuad'd him to the Hunting of a mighty wild Boar, who had destroyed many People and Cattle, alledging that if he employ'd his Valour in destroying it, his Fame would be renowned for ever. They well enough knew his forward Courage and therefore expected his Compliance, which accordingly they obtained; and the next Morning he appointed to meet them at a set Hour by the Forrest Side; yet having had Dreams that Night, and his Nose dropping Blood in the Morning, and he being more sad than usual, his Heart foregave him that some Mischief was intended him; then he called to Mind the frowning Countenances of the Courtiers toward him, and so, being in a strange Country, he knew not what to think of it; but having pass'd his Word, and scorning to give up his Mind to Fears, he mounted a gallant Steed the Duke had presented him with; and riding in a musing Manner, he at some Distance beheld

Damsel

Damsel, with her Hair about her Ears, riding towards him with pious Out-cries, as if she had been pursued; when coming up to him, Courteous Knight, said she, wringing her Hands, and letting Tears fall from her Eyes, If you have any Pity on the distressed, right my Wrongs on the two injurious Men, Knights I dare not stile them, for had they any Honour, they would not have used me thus. Then he told him a fain Story, how she was going to Duke *Amasenus*, with Letter from a Person of great Honour; that they had taken it away from her, and rifled her of other Things, &c. The innocent Prince believing this, bid her direct him to them, and he would force them to give her Satisfaction.

She had no sooner led him to a narrow Lane, but she shewed him two Knights in green Armour, to whom he rode up, and having upbraided them for their uncourteous Behaviour, they answered him as roughly. Whereupon charging his Spear against one of them, he threw him to the Ground, Horse and all, and there he lay helpless; and being about to charge on the other, he found himself beset by divers Knights, who all at once rushed upon him before and behind, not regarding the Laws of Chivalry; whereupon, perceiving the Damsel to be gone, he found it a Plot laid to bring him into an Ambush, and so murder him; yet he resolved they should buy his Life at a dear Rate; so laying about him furiously, he with many Wounds and great Loss of Blood, brought all but one to the Ground, and he being about to fly, *Parismenos* pursuing him, by his Voice he knew him to be *Argulus*, saying, Ah, Traytor, am I the Boar you designed to hunt to Death? However, Dissembler, thou shalt dearly pay for it; and thereupon, with a mighty Blow, he tumbled him dead from his Horse, and being weary with fighting and Loss of Blood, soon after fainted, and fell down himself as dead, and there had died, had not the Duke, missing him so long, and fearing some new Quarrels, came with his Guard in Search of him, and finding him in that Condition, conveyed the dead Bodies and him to the City, ordering his Physicians to take all Manner of Care for his Recovery; so that by their Skill and Diligence, he was soon brought to himself, and related the Treachery designed against his Life, which greatly grieved the Duke, but finding he had so notably revenged himself on his Adversaries, he not only praised his Valour, but was comforted with the Success he had in overcoming them, that so basely thought to destroy him, entertaining him in his Court as if he had been his Son, and commanding all Respects and Civilities to be shewn him by his Courtiers; where, for a Time, we must leave him in the highest Caresses, that good Prince was capable of bestowing on him, and return to our former Adventures.

Pollipus having lost his dearly beloved *Violetta*, made such Moan for her, that all exceedingly pitied him; he frequented Woods and lonely Places in Search of her, leaving no Place unsearched, where there was any Probability of her being retired or restrained, in which he run very great Dangers and Hazards by wild Beasts, Giants and Knights

he encountered with in searching several suspected Castles, where he thought she might be confined; yet Fortune, who still designed to be cross to these Lovers, directed him not to that wherein she was, but to make his Misery the more, he came to that of the monstrous Giant *Brandamore*, where, by Odds of Number, after a cruel Fight wherein he behaved himself with all the Courage and Bravery imaginable, killing divers Knights, but beaten down by the Giant's huge Mace, he was taken up as dead, fainting through his Wounds and great Effusion of Blood, and so carried Prisoner into the Castle, and there left to bewail his cruel Captivity in Irons, till rescued by friendly Hands, as shall be hereafter related.

Violetta being now in *Archer's* Castle, that cruel Tyrant, casting his lascivious Eyes upon her admirable Beauty, used her at first with all imaginable Kindness, entertaining her with the deep Expressions of his Love; but finding she was deaf to all his Entreaties, and spent her Time in Tears for her dear Knight *Pollipus*, who he in vain persuaded her to believe was slain by a wild Boar, he resolved, in Despair of ever gaining her Consent, to enjoy her by Force; and taking an Opportunity to surprize her in an Arbour, where she usually retired to weep, and bemoan her hard Misfortune; after he had used all the Persuasions he could utter to induce her to Compliance, and finding her inflexible, he told her it was but in vain to remain obstinate, for, being in his Power, he resolved to serve himself, and therefore, twisting his Hand rudely in her golden Hair, with the other he proceeded to handle her in a rude, unseemly Manner; but she, who had rather die than lose her Honour, struggled with all her Force to prevent it; but that proving too weak she sent forth such piteous Shrieks and Cries, as brought thither *Sorina*, a Woman belonging to the Castle; at whose Approach, Shame made the lustful Tyrant quit hold and retire, leaving fair *Violetta* pale, faint, and almost breathless on the Ground; yet resolved not to give over his Purpose, but take a more seasonable Opportunity to accomplish it.

This Woman conveyed the sorrowful Lady to her Chamber, and comforted her in the best wise; when, being come to herself, and returned Thanks for the timely Rescue she had given her, she entertained her with Tears, that she would find some Way for her Escape; but she told her, she herself, in her Youth and Beauty, had been brought thither in the like Manner, and *Archbas* had forced her to his Lust, and yet having had his Pleasure of her, made no little Account of her; wherefore, if it lay in her Power, she would contribute to her Escape; but it would prove very difficult, seeing there was but one Way to the Castle, and always guarded, and not admitted to pass and repass, without bringing *Archbas's* Ring as a Token; and that she was sure he had given strict Charge concerning her, that, upon Pain of Death, she should not escape, unless it might be contrived to be done in Disguise, so that it might not be known. This made the sorrowful Lady weep afresh, her Grief was so immoderate, that it melted *Sorina* into Compassion, till she promised

the Hazard of her own Life, to further her Purpose, and that it should be in this Manner: She should, when *Archas* visited her, seem more complying, and at length persuade him out of his Ring, which he would not refuse her, as thinking she knew not, being a Stranger; the Use of it; and then promise him he might come secretly to her in the Night, and have his Fill of Love Enjoyments. At this last Proposal, the fair *Violetta* startled, and looked as pale as Death, supposing, by this Artifice, she designed to betray her Honour; but when *Sorana* protested the contrary, and added, she would, the better to bring it about, change Cloaths with her, lie in her Bed, and deceive the Tyrant, whilst by the Disguise and Token she might escape. This was put in Practice, and luckily succeeded, though, when the Flight of *Violetta* was discovered, and that instead of so heavenly a Creature, he had all Night embraced one of his cast-off Mistresses, he grew in such a Rage, that, drawing his Sword, he immediately struck off the Head of poor *Sorana*, amidst her piteous Cries and Entreaties for Mercy; which when *Violetta* afterwards heard, it much grieved her, that she had lost her Life in undertaking her Safety: However, fearing Pursuit, she fled as fast as she could, by unfrequented Ways, till at last she met with an old Hermit, who, hearing her sad Relation, and taking Pity of her, conducted her to his Cave, and refreshed her with such poor Entertainment as he had, and then, at her Entreaty, undertook to be her Guide to the *Bohemian* Court; but by the Way he died, leaving her full of Fears and Perplexity in the Midst of a large Wilderness; but, at the last, Providence brought her to a friendly Castle, where she found a Lady as sorrowful as herself, the Occasion of which shall be mentioned in its due Place.

CHAP. V.

How Parismus departed in Search of Pollipus and Violetta: How Parismenos in the Juss von Philena, the King of Thrace's fair Daughter, and being warned of it in a Vision, he resigned her to Rhemus, to whom she was secretly betrothed before. How Violetta bemoaned her absent Lover: How he was rescued from Brandamore's Castle, where the Giant was slain. How Venola, the King of Lybia's Daughter, fell in Love with Parismenos, but was refused by him.

NOW *Parismus* having promised *Pollipus* to follow him in Search of his beloved Lady, contrary to the Tears and Entreaties of his beautiful Princess, leaving her warm and tender Embraces, early in the Morning set forward, accompanied with *Tellamore* and *Barzillus*, two valiant Knights, and they sought in all Towns and Forests they could imagine, yet hearing no News of him, coming unto a brazen Pillar, where the Road divided, they resolved to part several Ways, the sooner, if possible, to accomplish their Undertaking.

Whilst

Whilst these Things happened, *Parismenos*, continuing with his good Friend *Amasenus*, and hearing the King of *Thrace* had appointed great Jufts and Tournaments, and that the Prize to the Victor was no less than his fair Daughter *Phlena*, his Heart was inflamed with a Desire of Glory, and imparting it unto the Duke, he encouraged him to try his Fortune, and if he succeeded, notwithstanding he was a Stranger, and many Princes loved the royal Maid, yet he need not fear but he would make such Intérest with the King, that he should be accepted his Son-in-Law; and hereupon he provided him rich new Armour, shadowed with a golden Forrest, and a naked Man it, leading a Lion, with this Motto, viz. Overgrown with Desire content.

The appointed Days being come, which were to be three, a great many Tents of Kings, Princes and valiant Knights were pitched on the Plains, so that they made a very glorious Sight; amongst them was *Rhemus*, a noble Knight, who dearly loved the fair Princess, and to whom she had promised her Love: This Knight was much dejected as fearing his Success, upon which all his Happiness, on this Side Heaven, depended; but being comforted by her Letter, wherein she resolved to marry none but him, or, being denied that, be wedded to her Grave, he took Courage, and in the Encounters did wonderful Deeds, bearing down Horse and Men before him; but encountering *Parismenos* he and all the rest that opposed him were overthrown, so that the third Day he remained Victor, none daring to encounter with him any farther; so that the Jufts ceased, and the King of *Arragon*, who run with others in the Attempt, much praised him for his Valour; so that he was received courteously by them all, and after a solemn Welcome had passed on either Side, he unarmed himself, and appeared so beautiful and of so manly a Proportion, that they could not but greatly admire him.

The King of *Thrace*, leading the fair Princess by the Hand, who looked melancholy and dejected to think what might be the Event, presented her to him, saying, Most noble Knight, you, to your Praise and everlasting Honour, having won my Daughter, according as I decreed, here I deliver her up to you as your lawful Prize, and in a short Time I intend the Marriage Solemnities shall be performed. Whereupon, bowing low, and kissing her fair Hand, he returned her most humble Thanks; but withal said, Divine Princess, how should I think myself worthy, who am but a Stranger, of so great a Blessing, which the whole Business of my Life should have been carefully employed to have deserved? However, I beseech your Highness to esteem me as one that is devoted for ever to your Service; yet, assured, dear Lady, I will never consider any Thing of Right I have by gaining you the Way I have done, but freely resign that Title, and leave it to your Choice, resolving to do nothing without your free Consent, hoping by the Services I shall do you, to gain that Love which at present I scarce dare hope, as having no just Pretensions to so high a Favour and Blessedness.

The Princess, upon this, returned him her humble Thanks that left her Inclination free, though he might have laid Claim to her Father's Promise, and was mightily pleased with his modest Behaviour; and so they went to the splendid Entertainment prepared for them, she concluding to take another Opportunity to tell him of her Engagement in Love to noble Remus. But Prince Parismenos being in Bed, and musing of what happened in the foregoing Adventure, which caused him to hug himself in a World of Joy, he fell into a sweet Slumber, and then a bright and glorious Vision appeared to him; he fancied he saw the Goddess Venus, all heavenly fair, holding a Mirror in her Hand of most incomparable Beauty, that out-shined all he had ever beheld, as much as the blazing Sun at Noon does excel in Brightness and Glory, the lesser Fires that bespangle the arched Skies: And whilst he was ravished with Joy to behold the fair one, the Goddess thus uttered her Mind:

*Renowned Knight, thy second Name,
Is rightly stiled, The Knight of Fame:
Fam'd shalt thou be, thy Deeds shall crown
Thy Brows with Honour and Renown;
But yet the Destinies decree
Thy Bride Philena must not be;
She to Remus gives her Heart,
And you true Lovers must not part;
But see, I have provided one,
The fairest that the World has known;
She is thy Lot, after long Toil,
Her Love shall make thee ever smile,
Then seek her out, and you shall find,
An Angel beautiful and kind.*

Upon this they disappeared, and when he awaked, he found his Heart inflamed with the bright Idea he had beheld in his Dream, yet fancied that no Mortal could be so divinely beautiful, which put him into many Doubts and Fears; yet his Mind so run upon it, that nothing could move it, and therefore he resolved to go in Search of her. And now the appointed Day of Marriage being come, and the Princess and he at the Altar, to the Admiration of all, when the Priest was going to join their Hands, Remus standing mournfully by, he surmounted fair Philena up to him, and so prevailed with the King her Father, by discovering the Liking and constant Love they had to each other, that he yielded his Consent to their Marriage; at which the joyful Lord Remus embraced him with Tears, vowing, at the Hazard of his Life, to serve him for so unparalleled a Generosity and Bravery of Mind; and so, being highly treated and caressed of all, in a short Time after he took his Leave of the Court, in Search of that beautiful Lady, who had, by this Time, altogether taken up his Thoughts.

Violetta being all this while in the Castle of Refuge with the sorrowful Lady Clarina, heard the Relation of her Grief, which was, that,

that the cruel Giant *Brandamore*, in the Forrest of *Ard*, had slain her Father, and taken *Madera*, her Mother, Prisoner, and that she, by her Brother *Pavimus*'s Courage, had only so much Time as to escape his Lust, telling such a mournful Story, that *Violetta* could not refrain from Tears, sympathizing with her in her woful Sadness, and then related unto her all her own Misfortunes, desiring she might have some Guide to conduct her to the *Bobemian* Court, in Hopes to hear there of her dear *Pollipus*. The sorrowful *Clarina*, moved likewise to Compassion, promised to assist her in this, or any Thing else she should require, and also to engage her Brother to be her Conductor, when she intended to depart, but entreated her it might not be yet. Whilst the Discourse lasted, *Pavimus* came in and saluted his Sister, who had no sooner given him an Account of *Violetta*'s Misfortunes, and desiring her to describe to him her Knight, he told her he had lately seen him in the Forrest of *Ard*, but whither he went afterwards he knew not; yet, at her Request, he promised to endeavour to find him out, if she would continue there for some Time with his Sister; which she agreed to, and so the courteous Knight mounted the next Morning to perform his Promise: He had not rode far before he met *Tellamore*, a *Bobemian* Knight, one of those that departed from *Parismus* in Search of *Violetta*, and supposing him to be *Pollipus*, he asked him so many Questions, that being well satisfied who he was, he told him of *Violetta*'s Safety, and what Dangers she had escaped, and that she was then at his Castle, in the Company of his Sister *Clarina*, inviting him kindly thither, that he might see and comfort the distressed Lady; but in the Forest losing their Way, they came accidentally into a pleasant Valley, where stood a spacious Tower that glittered like Gold, and for the Beauty and Magnificence of it was called, *The Golden Tower*, where *Maximus*, King of *Nottingham*, kept his beautiful Daughter *Angelica*, guarded by a thousand chieftain Knights, and attended by a hundred Ladies, upon the Account of a Prophecy made by an Enchantress at her Birth, that Kings and Princes contending before her, should not only waste his Country with War, but even destroy his Life: And this was that fair Lady whose Fates designed for Prince *Parismenos*, as in the Sequel will appear, and here they found *Barzillus* fighting with a Knight, that kept his Tent at the Bridge-Foot of the Tower, to forbid Entrance to any without Leave, the Quarrel arising upon his setting Light by the Lady's Beauty; but *Barzillus* having put that Knight to the Foil, they parted as good Friends, and so he went with *Tellamore* and *Pavimus* to comfort *Violetta*, who was overjoy'd to see them: And there *Tellamore* fell in Love with the fair *Clarina*, and promised to go with the other two Knights, and set the Lady *Madera*, her Mother, free from the Tyranny of that Giant *Brandamore*; the first they met with was *Argemone*, the Giant's Brother, who had been out on the Scout, searching the Forest to see if any Knights was in it, and to give the Giant an Account of them; for of late many *Lybean* Knights had attempted, though in vain, to rescue the beautiful *Vinola*, the King of *Lybia*'s Daughter.

daughter, whom *Brandamore* had taken and kept Prisoner, in Hopes
 to gain her to his Lust by her Consent; but she all along resisted his
 Treats and Flatteries. They supposing this Man, by his Stature,
 to be the Giant: *Tellamore* thereupon spurred on before the rest, came
 with him, and put him to the Stand: At which *Argalt*, growing
 angry, very furiously demanded who he was, that durst thus presume
 to come on forbidden Ground: I come, replied he, to desie thee,
 tyrant, that darest to disturb and examine Passengers with the Dan-
 ger of their Lives; and to set at Liberty a Lady thou hast basely im-
 prisoned; and, I suppose, a Knight, who is my Friend, that was
 not long since in this Forrest, and now is missing. At this he began
 scoffingly to answer him, as in Disdain, so that the Knight being en-
 raged, a fierce Combat happened between them; but *Tellamore's* Sword
 old breaking, and he being at the Giant's Mercy, the other Knights came
 to his aid, so that assailing him on all Sides, they with many grievous Blows
 brought him to the Ground; then crying out to them in a piteous Man-
 ner to save his Life, he told them he was not *Brandamore*, as he believed
 they supposed, but his Brother, and would (so they spared taking off
 his Head, which they were about to do) be serviceable to them in any
 thing they would desire. Then he told them that *Pollipus* was Pri-
 soner in the Castle, and that he would not only prevail for his Deli-
 verance, but the Lady *Madera's* likewise: Having sworn to do this,
 and they seeing the Castle very strong, they suffered him to depart;
 being got into the Castle, he defied them, and violated his Oath: This
 enraged the three Knights, that, coming up to the Bridge, they
 set upon the Giant's Guards, and made great Slaughter among them,
 so much that *Brandamore* issued out with a great Train, and there-
 upon ensued a bloody doubtful Combat for many Hours; but then
 the Knights weary with killing and laying on mighty Blows, as also
 faint through Loss of Blood, began to give Ground; but Providence
 ordered it, that at that very Instant *Parismus* luckily came into their
 Assistance, and knowing two of them by the Device of their Ar-
 mour, rushed in, and laid such heavy Strokes upon *Brandamore*, that
 he staggered many Paces, so that the others having Time to take
 breath, the Combat was again renewed, and as fierce as ever, but
 the Giant sending for fresh Supplies, the Knights had been worsted,
 had not an unknown Knight accidentally come to their Relief, who
 said about him with such Fury, that none could stand before him,
 whereupon the Giant retiring, and thinking to pass the Bridge, he
 pursued him so close, that he forced him to leap into the Moat,
 where, by the Weight of his Armour, he was drowned: Then en-
 tering the Castle, they found *Pollipus* had gotten his Chains off, and
 with an Iron Bar killing his Keepers, in order to come to their Assis-
 tance; then they embraced him with much Joy, and told him the
 happy News of *Violetta's* Safety, which was to him the most wel-
 come News in the World; then they comforted the Ladies; after
 this, their Wounds were dressed, and refreshing themselves with such
 Things as they found in the Castle, they all embraced the last un-
 known

known Knight, that came so timely to their Assistance: And he, that for a while, casting Eyes on the Lady *Venola*, at first supposed it was she that was presented to him in the Vision, and that now his Troubles were at an End, but, alas! he had more Troubles to undergo before Fate would be so kind to him; and so, having rested that Night, he left the Castle in safe Hands, they departed to see *Violetta*, *Pollipus* being so impatient, that he thought every Hour an Age till he was in her Company: The Meeting of these long absent Lovers was with such Joy, as cannot be easily expressed; she hung about his Neck, and bedewed his comely Face with Tears, and he almost stifled her with Kisses; and *Tellamore*, who was in Love with *Clarina*, was not a little overjoy'd to see her dry up her Tears, and look pleasant, when he told her, her Mother was at Liberty; and long it was not before he revealed his Passion to her, and had a very favourable Answer returned him, which was, that when she had tried his Constancy, he need not doubt of her good Opinion, and being preferred in her Esteem before any other. So that now every Thing seemed very pleasant, and promised great Prosperity; but *Venola*, the King of *Lybia's* only Daughter, being desirous to return to her Father's Court, the *Knight of Fame*, who was he that came last into the Combat against the Giant, would needs accompany her, and was received by that King with all the Demonstrations of Joy and Gratitude, and doing many noble Exploits there, the whole Court rung of his Valour, insomuch that the fair Princess casting her Eyes upon him, and contemplating his Beauty and comely Stature, his courteous Behaviour and ingenious Carriage, from liking she fell in love, and that in so deep a Manner, that finding him resolved to depart, she shut herself into a Chamber, bathing her Face in Tears, and making many grievous Complaints, which *Flavia* her Nurse overhearing, went into her, and with many Entreaties, under the Protestation of keeping it secret, found out the Cause of her Sorrow, and so to quiet her tender Heart, she undertook, in some Measure to give her some Kind of Ease, by staying him longer in the Court, which she did, by giving him a sleepy Potion, and writing a Letter to his Companions, that he had a secret Business to undertake, and they should not enquire after him, for at that Time he could not part with them, but would follow them in a short Space.

This took effectually, for he sleeping a Day and a Night, they went away without him, and at last the fair Princess, with Grief and moving Tears, expressed her Excess of Love to him, that he could not forbear weeping, because he could not answer her Desires and Deservings, in giving her that Heart that was destined for another; and therefore, not being able by his Reasons and Arguments to pacify her Sorrow, and ease her troubled Mind, he thought his Absence might be able to do it, and thereupon he secretly left the Court, leaving her in such Agonies and Afflictions, as would have moved the hardest Heart to relent, especially when she heard he had withdrawn himself: And

that lamentable Condition we are constrained to leave her, and follow him on his Journey and strange Adventures.

CHAP. V.

How Parismenos came to the Valley of the Golden Tower, addressed himself to the fair Angelica, the Lady he had seen in his Dream; how he fought with divers of her Knights, and was, at the Entreaty of Marcellus, taken into her Service, and how his Courtship was discovered.

Parismenos early in the Morning having left the Lybian Court, and the fair Princess overwhelmed with Sighs and Tears, rode very pensive on, debating with himself about his future Fortune, till he came to a pleasant Valley near the Golden Tower, and there so great a Drowsiness overcame him, that he found himself constrained to alight, and tying his Horse to a Tree, laid him down on a mossy Bank to refresh his weary Limbs; whilst this Drowsiness lasted, and he lay in this Posture, the heavenly fair Princess *Angelica* came by that Way with a great Train of Ladies and Knights from the Tower, which he, by Reason of his Heaviness, had not yet discovered, she then going to meet *Maximus*, King of *Notalia*, her Father, who, with his Queen and Son *Marcellus*, was coming to pass some Time in that curious Building, that abounded with all Manner of Pleasures; and so fortunately it happened, that the lovely *Angelica* cast her Head aside, and perceiving there so goodly a proportioned Knight, in rich Armour, she sent one of her Guards to rouse him, or to see if any Harm had befallen him. At the Touch of the Knight's Lance, and the Noise of the Trumpets, the Knight of Fame soon awaked, and standing on his Feet, he no sooner saw this divine Creature, but he knew her to be the Goddess in his Dream; this made his Heart leap for Joy, and him to demand earnestly of the Knight where the Place of her Abode was, and her Name, who very courteously told him, as also upon what Occasion she came forth, whereupon he returned him hearty Thanks, and so he retired to his Fellows.

Parismenos having now seen what he long had earnestly wished to have a Sight of, was like one transported; yet fancied to himself, that only seeing her without speaking, would not advance him to the Happiness he expected; wherefore, putting on the utmost of his Courage, he thought he might not have a more favourable Time than this, and so strong his Fancy wrought, that it would be difficult to meet with such another, so that thrusting in among the Knights of her Guard; bowing one Knee to the Ground, he begged first her Pardon, and then, that she would be favourably pleased to hear him in a few Words; and having Leave granted, he thus expressed himself: Most excellent Lady, the Pattern of all Beauty and Virtue, if a Stranger (who has travelled so far, and undergone so many Hazards and Dangers to have the Felicity of beholding your divine Per-

fections, which exceed all mortal Things, and all other Blessings in the World) may presume upon your Goodness, I humbly make it my Request, that you will command me as your Servant; let the Task be never so difficult or dangerous, try my Obedience in it, and my Recompence shall be, that I have done something to please you, to whom my Life is wholly devoted.

The fair Princess, whilst he uttered these Words, marking his comely Proportion and Bravery of Mind, could not but admire his Courage, that, not taking Notice of her Guards, durst so boldly intrude into her Presence, and thereupon replied, that he being a Stranger, as he professed, he had done rashly to press too close upon her, and that with a Kind of Flattery, which, however, her good Nature would not suffer her to resent it as an Affront; but as to the Service he proffered, she had Servants enough, nor could she entertain any without her Father's Approbation; but she believed, if she should put him to it, in many Cases she would find his Words but Boastings, as it happened by many others.

The courageous Prince boldly protested, that there was nothing that either Respect or Valour could perform, but he would endeavour it to satisfy her. Hereupon she dropt her Glove, which he dutifully took up, and, with a low Congee, presented it to her; but she refused it, ordering him to keep it as a Favour. This, she knew, would move some of her emulous Knights to try his Courage; which failed not, for one of the chief of them, named *Collimus*, followed him when he retired, and in a threatening Manner demanded the Princess's Glove, of which great Favour, he told him, himself was more worthy than he: At this the noble *Parismenos* smiled, and said, I esteem it so highly, that nothing but the Princess's Command shall charm it from me; and as for your Worth I am unacquainted with it, yet doubt not, if the Princess will receive me into her Service and Favour, but to perform as much as you have done, if not exceed you. This enraged the proud and haughty Knight to that Degree, that he challenged him to a present Combat, which he the more rejoiced at, because it would be performed in his Lady's Sight; but the valiant Prince at the first Shock tumbled him from his Horse headlong; and so he served three or four more, that went about to revenge their Fellow's Disgrace, whereupon a great Number were about to fall upon him; but now King *Maximus* being come up with his Train, and seeing the Contest, sent immediate Orders they should desist, and to bring the strange Knight before him; and when he had examined into the Business, and found him innocent, he blamed the others, and commended his Courage and Bravery, and, at the Entreaty of *Marcellus*, the King's Son, and the good Liking of the Princess *Angelica*, he was received into the King's Service; which he took as a happy Forerunner of his serving himself with his fair Mistress; and so they went altogether to the *Golden Tower*, and there the young Prince of *Notalia* entered into so strict a Friendship with him, that nothing but Death could separate them. Here the Entertainment

was

was very noble, and having his Helm off, he found by the Princess's often fixing her Eyes on him, he was not indifferent to her.

Being arrived at the *Golden Tower*, sumptuous Entertainments were ordered, and though *Camillus*, and divers other Princes, as well as the *Knight of Fame*, were there; so jealous was the King of the fair *Angelica*, that he divided the Tables, ordering the Queen to feast the Ladies in another Apartment, which, at this Time, made our Knight lose the Opportunity of feasting on her Beauties, which he would have done, had she been there, more than all the Dainties; yet, he disssembled his Sorrow for this one Disappointment, though he perceived *Camillus* was so uneasy and concerned at it, that the King took Notice of him; and the Feasting being ended with great Royalty, he took Occasion to tell him of the Suspicion he had, that he came to court his Daughter; but he disssembled it as well as he could, yet, being of a haughty Mind, he was very much displeased; and soon after, upon some Affronts, hearing the King absolutely intended not to marry her to any, by Reason of the foolish Prophecy, as he termed it, he left the Court in a Pet, resolving to bring armed Forces, and take her by Violence.

During these Passages, the divine *Angelica* had, above all others, considered the lovely Features, manly Limbs, and courteous Behaviour of the *Knight of Fame*, so that indulging her Fancy, her Mind was so strangely disordered, that she knew not what the Meaning of it should be, and in her Retirements greatly bewailing her sudden Alteration, fearing that now Love had wounded her tender Heart, which before had been a Stranger to any such Passion; which Blushings, and then Paleness, and then Blushings again, *Anna*, her Maid, who was her chief Favourite and Confident, perceiving, so pressed her with Entreaties, and Tears in her Eyes, not to hide from her the Cause of her disordered Mind, that the Princess, upon the Maid's vowing to keep it secret, revealed all that had befallen her from the first Time she beheld the *Knight of Fame*; whereat *Anna* confirmed to her, it could be nothing but the growing Seeds of Love sown in her Heart, and withal, so extolled the Virtues of the Prince, recounting the noble Deeds he had done in *Thrace*, and the Forrest of *Ard*, the *Lybian* Court, and many other Places; and also how he was sent, by a superior Command, to be her Servant; she conceived so good a Liking of him, that soon after he came along with her Brother to pay her a private Visit in her Chamber; she received him with very gracious Eyes, and gave him such Answers to his submissive Addresses as overjoy'd his Heart, so that he thought there was no Creature living more happy than himself, as having, in so short a Space, obtained the Favour, and, in a great Prospect, the Consent of the most beautiful Lady that ever Nature formed; but as nothing is certain, for frequently, in the Heighth of our Joys and Expectations, some cross Accident happens, and dashes all again; sudden black Clouds and Storms eclipse the clearest Skies; so it happened in this Case, for *Collimus*, who was in Love with the Princess, though he had not as

yet made any Advances that Way, for Fear of her Displeasure, ill representing the Favour she had done the *Knight of Fame*, in bestowing her Glove on him, and fancying the Truth of the Matter, and now by his Spies discovering this secret Interview, he made it known to the King, which so enraged him, that the Princess was clapt up close Prisoner, under a Guard, of which this Parasite was made Captain; with a strict Command to suffer none to enter without the royal Signet. The *Knight of Fame* was not only much reviled by the King, but fell extremely in his Displeasure; but this nothing grieved him, compared with the Sorrow he conceived for the Confinement of the Princess; yet Prince *Marcellus*, though the King gave him sharp Reproofs for suffering him to speak with his Sister, comforted him in the best Manner he could, bidding him not at all despair, for he would farther his Love, and so bring it about, when the King's Passion was over, not only to release his Sister, but restore him again to Favour.

The Princess, in her Confinement, was as much perplexed as he, grieving the King should offer such Indignity to one that had never injured him, but appeared to be one of the courteousest Knights in the World; and tho' she looked lovely in Tears, she injured her beauteous Face in often shedding them, and complaining of her hard Destiny, nor could she rest, though *Anna* did all she could to comfort her with gentle Speeches and Persuasions, till she had sent her to learn how the Knight took the King's Anger; but withal, ordered her to do it secretly, that he might not know she had taken any Care about it.

And now whilst *Marcellus* was labouring to restore them to their late Happiness, a cross Wind, from an unexpected Coast, shipwrecked all their Hopes, and drove them on the Quick-sand of Despair, as will appear in the next Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

How he was cast into the Lion's Den to be devoured, and by what Means he escaped; how joyfully Marcellus and the Princess received him; and how Parismenos came to the Knowledge of his Royal Parents, &c.

TO the former Cross of the Royal Lovers, greater yet ensued, which went very near to destroy all their Happiness: You have heard how the Princess *Venola*, Daughter to the King of *Lybia*, having been freed from *Brandamore's* Castle by the *Knight of Fame*, fell desperately in Love with him; and how he secretly departed to avoid her Importunities: She no sooner had Notice from *Flavia* her Maid, but hereupon tormenting herself with Grief and Rage to be defeated, she fell into a dangerous Sickness, to the great Perplexity of the King her Father, who dearly loved her; no Care was wanting to recover her; but her bodily Disease being fed by that of the Mind, deriding all Art, brought her for a long Time in a very low Condition, when,

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in the mean while, News was brought her, that the Knight she loved was in the *Notalian* Court, and what else had passed on the Occasion of his Love to *Angelica*. The Lady was naturally proud, and scorning to be slighted for another, whose Beauty she knew not but might be inferior to her's, and thereupon an Anger of Mind arose in her to that Degree, that over-powering the Flame of Love, converting her Thoughts into Studies of Revenge and implacable Hatred, which she communicating to *Flavia*, her Maid, who had negotiated for her with *Parismenos*, she promised to further her therein, and in a little Time took an Opportunity to tell the King a false Story, with feigned Tears, that his Daughter's Sickness proceeded from an Abuse and Outrage offered her by the *Knight of Fame*, whom he had so kindly entertained in his Court, though he was so unworthy of it; for, continuing she, presuming upon the good Office he did the Princess, in rescuing her from the Giant's Castle, he at last grew bold on the Civilities and Respects she shewed him, misconstruing her Meaning therein, having in a private Walk in the Garden, forcibly ravished her, and then, for Fear of Punishment, secretly fled from Court, and is now in *Notalia*, at the *Golden Tower*, labouring to practise such another Villainy on the Princess *Angelica*. But why, said the King, did not my Daughter discover this sooner? being in a very great Rage, and storming up and down the Room; Alas! said she, continuing her Tears, Shame with-held her from it, because that though she cried aloud, none came timely to her Rescue.

This plausible Story the King believed, against the most virtuous Prince upon Earth; and immediately wrote a Letter to the King of *Notalia*, to certify him of the Abuse, and what an Impostor he had in his Court, who, no doubt, came to use his Daughter, by his sly Insinuations into her Affections, in the same dishonourable Manner, which is such an Outrage to Princes Courts, that it is not to be born; and therefore, with many other aggravating Circumstances, intreated him to send the *Knight of Fame* bound to him, or that he would himself revenge an Injury reflecting so highly on all Princes, on the Person of the Traytor.

King *Maximus* had no sooner read this, but his former Prejudice made him believe it, and therefore, without any Examination farther, he secretly sent a strong Guard to apprehend him, and accordingly he was surprized in Bed, and, by the cruel Order they had, hurried him to the Lion's Den, into which he was cast, notwithstanding his appealing to Justice, and his entreating he might be heard to clear his Honour, which he valued more than Life.

Marcellus no sooner heard of this Outrage on his Friend, but, like one distracted, he had like to have laid violent Hands upon himself; and because *Collimus* resisted him in going to carry the dreadful News to the deplorable *Angelica*, and he supposing he was the Man that had brought the *Knight of Fame* to his dismal End, he drew his Sword, and, after a fierce Combat between them, forced his Passage through

through his Heart. The fair *Angelica* no sooner heard the fatal Sound from her Brother's Lips, that the Man, whom she loved above all the World, was unjustly slain in a barbarous Manner, but, forgetting her Duty, even at that Time, which she had never been guilty of before, reproaching her Father with inhuman Tyranny, and bursting forth into loud Laments and Cries, she fell down as dead on the Floor, which caused great Lamentation among her Maids, till they saw, by the Means they used, her Life returned again.

All this while *Parismenos* was alive in the Lion's Den, contrary to all Expectation, for though these furious Beasts kept a horrible Roaring, and were very hungry, yet the Scent of royal Blood charmed them into Mildness, according to the natural Instinct of that noble Creature, that he had no Hurt but by pinching Famine, which grew fast upon him, so that he was forced to feed on the nauseous Food that was thrown to the Lions in that dark and dismal Place, till at last, the Keeper drawing up the Door of another Partition of the Den for them to enter into, whilst he cleaned that wherein they were, and driving them into with a long Pole, he came down by a Ladder of Ropes, having a Pulley fastened to the Top, to draw up the Excrements, not dreaming of *Parismenos* being alive; but he was no sooner on the Ground, but the poor half-starved Prince, creeping from a dark Corner of the Cave, seized his Sword, and, clapping it to his Breast, told him, he was a dead Man if he cried out. The poor Wretch, not knowing what to think of this sudden Surprise, trembling fell on his Knees, and intreated him he would not kill him, and whatsoever he desired he would perform to the utmost of his Power. Then the Prince declared to him his Innocency, and by what Miracle he had been saved by the Lions, and that now, all the People concluding him dead, he requested only of him, that he would convey him privately to his House, and swear Secrecy. This he solemnly promised; whereupon, to chain him the surer to his Interest, he gave him Store of Gold, and after he was very faithful to him, contriving it so, that Prince *Marcellus* came to him, and soon after, to her great Joy, the Princess, who had so long bewailed his Death, had News from her Brother of his wonderful Deliverance, which, without great Difficulty, she could not believe, thinking it an invented Story to hush her Sorrows; but at last, confirmed of it, by his sending the Glove she had given him, her Sorrows were turned into Joy and Comfort, and she resolved to escape, if possible, and go with him to *Bohemia*; and therefore secretly ordered him to retire to a Hermit's Cell, four Miles from the *Golden Tower*, and using *Marcellus's* Name, he should be kindly entertained by the Hermit, and that he would endeavour to escape and come to him.

This Mandate with Joy he obeyed, and found by the Token good Entertainment; but alas! another cross Accident happened, for tho' her first Hopes promised fair, the latter frustrated all, as so fell out, that *Maximus*, knowing *Camillus* to be retired into his own Country, and the *Knight of Fame* he supposed to be dead began to remove his Fears, and,

the Instance of his Queen, to compassionate his Daughter's Suffer-
 and going to her, after a little chiding her for her Folly, in set-
 her Love on she knew not who, he comforted her in the best
 manner he could, and, to hush her Sorrows, propos'd she should go
 with him a Hunting, charging *Marcellus* to tender her with a Guard;
 that now they thought their Stars smil'd on them: The Time
 came, they set out with a very splendid Train, the Guard her
 father had appointed being all her Friends, who promised to do
 whatever he should direct; so they lagged behind the King and the
 to make their Escape, when they were eager in Pursuit of the
 me; but, unluckily for them, they fell into an Ambush: *Camillus*,
 who was returned, had laid up, on Notice they were to hunt that
 day, but so well the Prince and his Knights defended her, that the
 assassines were beat off and forced to retire; yet, the Noise of the
 that brought the King thither, and immediately the Dogs were call'd
 the Hunting left off, and the Princess re-conveyed to the *Golden*
wer. This was unknown to *Parismenos*; wherefore wandering
 road to enquire for News, he was discovered by two of *Maximus's*
 Knights, who fled from him, supposing it was his Ghost, seeing
 every Body concluded him dead; yet thinking he should by them be
 recovered, weighing all Circumstances in his Mind, and thinking it
 might prove prejudicial to his Princess, he resolv'd to leave a Letter
 with the Hermit for *Marcellus*, and another for his beloved Lady,
 with the Promise of a speedy Return, when Things should be better
 order'd, and so pass to *Bobemia*, to keep his Promise with *Parismus*,
 and require his Advice and Aid in this Enterprize, seeing through
 many Difficulties that happened, himself not capable of per-
 forming it alone.

So riding sad and pensive till he came to the Confines of *Bobemia*,
 where, in a Forrest, he found a Knight going to ravish a beautiful
 Lady, whereupon he defied him, crying, Uncourteous Knight, what
 the Meaning of this Outrage? The other made no Answer, but
 immediately mounting, charg'd him furiously, but in the first En-
 counter he was overthrown; upon which the Lady cried out, O let
 me not escape, it is the Tyrant *Archas*, that has wrought me so
 many Miseries, and filled the Country with so many Villanies. Upon
 which he knew her to be *Violetta*, his Friend *Pollipus's* Lady; where-
 upon he made him Prisoner, and led him with *Violetta* unto the *Bo-*
hemian Court, where, disdaining to answer to the many Crimes and
 outrages laid to his Charge, and they being nevertheless fully proved
 against him, he was, by the King's Command, beheaded, and his
 little demolished.

Here the *Knight of Fame* was welcomed with all imaginable Ex-
 pressions of Joy by *Parismus* and *Laurana*, to whom he gave an Ac-
 count of all his Adventures since he parted from the *Thracian* Court,
 and by what Means he was detained there; when accidentally open-
 ing his Bosom, *Laurana* espied a Jewel hanging about his Neck,
 which she had left with her Son, when he was taken from her in
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the *Island of Rocks*, at which she looked pale, and started; but when *Parismus*, who supposed some Sickness had seized her, was going to take her into his Arms, and enquire the Cause of that Alteration, a violent Thunder-clap broke over the Palace, and a mighty Tempest followed, with such Darkness, that they could not see one another, at which the Ghost of his Nurse appeared, with a Taper in her Hand, and expressed these Words:

*Prince of Bohemia, welcome home thy Son,
Who has for Fame so many Dangers run:
I sav'd his Life, when he was doom'd to die,
And from his cruel Foe did with him flee.
But I being slain, his fortune did pursue,
Yet nothing who his Parents were he knew;
Therefore I am commanded to reveal,
What the kind Fates no longer will conceal.*

Upon this she vanished, leaving them in a great Consternation; but coming to themselves, and comparing Circumstances, every Thing was so agreeable, that there was no Room for Doubt: *Lauran* transported at this, embraced him, and wept for Joy, and *Parismus* could not refrain from Tears; so that it was long ere they could come to a free Discourse again, which when he did, the News being spread over the Country, the universal Joy was so great, that we shall not here undertake to describe it: And soon after this, he made known his Love to the Princess *Angelica*, whereupon every one promised him their Assistance.

C H A P. VII.

How Parismenos went into Natolia, and the means he used to see the Princess; with whom, and Marcellus, he escap'd to an Hermit's Cell, how they were discover'd there by an Eunuch; how the Princess Angelica was imprison'd; Marcellus banish'd, and Parismenos cast into a Dungeon, and by what Means he escap'd; how Pollipus and Parismus arriv'd with a mighty Army, &c.

Parismenos being now blest with the Knowledge of his royal Parents, was not a little rejoiced, as well because of the Assistance he expected from such an Alliance, as for that he might the bold claim one of royal Blood, and having settled every Thing to his Mind in that Court, his Thoughts, which were still with his beautiful Mistress, prompted him to be speedy in keeping his Promise with her, lest she should doubt his Fidelity; and so, having communicated his Intention to his Father and Mother, his Reasons weigh'd so far with them, that they could not gainsay his Departure, though they dismissed him with Tears.

The first Place he went to, when he came into *Natolia*, was to the Hermit's Cell, where he was kindly received by the good old Man

n, who had delivered his Letters, and told him all he knew ; for
Marcellus, a little after his Departure, found an Opportunity to with-
 draw himself from the Court, and came thither in Disguise, being
 much troubled he had not found the *Knight of Fame* there ; and, by
 Means of this Hermit, who passed unsuspected, the two noble
 Friends met in a Grove some Distance from the *Golden Tower*, and
 afterwards came to the Cave, where they told each other all that had
 fallen ; *Marcellus* was exceedingly glad to hear he was Son to *Pa-*
rius, whose Valour and Virtues rung throughout the World.
 Having rewarded the Hermit for his Kindness, and got disguised
 habits, they resolved to get to a little Village near the *Golden Tower*,
 where one *Penora*, who had been Nurse to *Marcellus*, dwelt, and in
 whom he confided ; here they contrived to steal away *Angelica*, and,
 counterfeiting the King's Letter, they both got Admittance into
 the *Golden Tower* ; and by it *Parifmenos* was appointed Captain of the
 Guard, till his coming, or further Orders ; the King's Signet was so
 officially affixed to this Letter of Credence, that it passed all Scrutiny
 ; so that behaving himself liberally and courteously, he soon
 won all their Loves, as likewise the Eunuchs who kept her Cham-
 ber Door, and by that Means got an Opportunity to speak with her,
 with the Help of *Anna*, her Maid, who, overjoyed at the Sight of
 him, could scarce be kept from Swooning ; but the Time being
 short, and to prevent Discovery, it was agreed, that he and *Mar-*
cellus that Night should convey her in a Eunuchs Apparel, which he
 bribed out of the Castle : To be brief, they made as happy an
 Escape as Lovers could wish, had the Destinies consented ; but, alas !
 more Misery ensued : Those Eunuchs that were not privy to the De-
 sign, fearing their Lives, immediately made known her Escape to the
 King, with the Means, as far as they could guess, by which it was
 thought about ; which made him haste to the *Golden Tower*, from his
 City of *Ephesus*, and send out his Guards every where to apprehend
 her, and such a Confusion there was, that both Court and Country
 seemed to be in an Uproar ; the King stormed, and the Queen wept,
 especially when she knew her Son *Marcellus* had carried with him
Angelica, a Lady of mean Fortune, whom he had long courted.
 Many Days they sought, but no News could be heard of them, for
 they sheltered the Ladies in the Hermit's Cell, and their own Dis-
 guise was such, as they could not be easily discovered, having changed
 their Armour with some Gertulian Knights, who were their Friends, and
 hoping, when the Search was over, they might get safely into *Bo-*
stania ; but the Cell being close, and the Weather sultry, *Angelica*
 grew faint, so that in the Evening *Parifmenos* ventured to lead her
 out in a back Walk, covered with pleasant Shades, to refresh her in
 the Air ; but at length sitting down on a Bank of Flowers, and
 wishing for a speedy Escape thence, one of the Eunuchs, who had
 been to save his Life, lying penfivie in a Thicket, over-heard their
 discourse, and knowing their Voices, watched them back to the
 Cell, and, to get into Favour again, run and told the King, who
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made no Delay to arm his Knights and Nobles, and immediately surrounded their Cell, commanding all within to come out on Pain of Death; upon this, *Angelica* and *Dulcia* trembled exceedingly, but *Parifmenos*, grasping his Sword, defended the Passage, till he had slain twenty Knights, who pressed on, and had made great Slaughter, if *Marcellus* had not persuaded them to yield, seeing there was no Hope to overcome. Having hereupon delivered up his Sword to the King, and asked his Pardon, owning his Love to *Angelica*, and declaring who he was; he was immediately made Prisoner, loaded with Bolts and Chains, and cast into a deep Dungeon: *Angelica* was stripped of her royal Ornaments, cast into a filthy Prison, with *Anna*, her Maid, and *Marcellus* banished. Whilst *Parifmenos*, a Knight of Fame, lay expecting Death, he at last thought of a Way to free himself, which he did, by feigning himself a dying, and enticing the Goaler to free him upon Promise of a great Reward, and the Discovery of an infinite Treasure; who, for Lucres taking off the Bolts, *Parifmenos* with one of them fell'd him to the Ground, and, taking the Keys, unlocked the Door and escaped.

Being thus at Liberty, he thought it not convenient to stay in the Court, hearing his Death was absolutely decreed in a few Days; whereupon in Disguise he hasted to the Fields, and within a few Miles found the Plain covered with armed Men, which he knew to be *Bohemians*; and addressing himself to the General, who was *Pollipus*, he knew the Cause; who told him it was to rescue *Parifmenos*, and that *Parifmus* having Notice of what had happened, had sent him with these Troops to vindicate his Honour, and make the King of *Notat* do him Reason, in giving him his Daughter in Marriage. Upon this he discovered himself, and told him all the Circumstances, and what Means he had escaped; and so mounting, they concluded to send Defiance to *Maximus*, and march to the Walls of *Ephefus*, whereupon he issued forth with a mighty Army, which the *Bohemians* cut almost to Pieces, *Parifmenos* and *Pollipus* doing Wonders, cutting their Way through whole Squadrons, till they were stopped by the Heaps of those they had slain; so that *Maximus*, finding himself too weak, sent to the Kings of *Lybia* and *Barbary* for Assistance; the former of which came in Person to be avenged on the Knight of Fame for the Injury he supposed he had done *Venola*, his Daughter, bringing with him fifty thousand Men; and the King of *Barbary* sent a hundred thousand, under *Santo de Lodore*, his Son, so that all the Plains were covered with armed Forces; but, before they joined in Battle, *Parifmus* luckily came with fifty thousand *Bohemians* and *Thessalians*, and, in a second Fight, overthrew them with incredible Slaughter, so that they beat a Parley, and *Maximus* came out of the City, attended by the *Lybian* King, the Prince of *Barbary*, and divers others, who demanded of *Parifmus*, what the Reason was he had invaded the Country? who told him, it was for Injury he had done his Son, and therefore demanded, that he would deliver his Daughter to him, or he vowed not to depart till he had taken the City, and compelled

compelled him to do Reason. To this he gave only a slight Answer, saying him, his Threats were but in vain, for she should rather die with himself and all his People, than it should be done; and so returned to the City.

C H A P. VIII.

Now Maximus enraged at his Losses, and thinking Parismenos still in Prison, condemn'd him to be burnt alive; of the pitious Cries of Angelica and Marcellus, and the Violence they offer'd themselves; how the City of Ephesus was taken by Bohemians, with the Death of Maximus and how Angelica was stolen from the Temple of Hymen, and by what Means recover'd, and at last married to Parismenos the Knight of Fame

Maximus, much enraged at the Demands of Parismus, immediately called a Counsel, to consider what was to be done, who advis'd him, the better to satisfy the People, and compose Differences, to recal his Son from Banishment, and set the Princess and Parismenos at Liberty: The two first, with some Difficulty, he consented to; but as to the latter, he utterly refused it, being enticed by the King of Lybia to Revenge; and so hotly he pursued it, that knowing nothing of Parismenos's Escape, he caus'd him to be judged and condemned for Ravishment, without being heard, as a Ravisher of a royal Daughter, and to be doomed for it to the Flames; immediately sending to the Prison to fetch him; but, instead of him, they brought the Goaler in a Hearse, who died of his Wounds in the Dungeon; but however, the King would have his Body burnt to finish the Sentence.

The Princess Angelica hearing of this intended Tragedy, and knowing nothing of his Escape, resolv'd to make one in it, therefore, with a Dagger in her Hand, she forced her Way through her Guards, who, fearing she would injure her Life, laboured to restrain her Fury; and running to the Funeral Pile, with her Hair tore, and her Face defiled with Tears and Blood, she searched for him; but finding he was not there, address'd herself to the King in a piteous manner, to beg Pardon for her Lover, telling him her Life was bound with his, and that she would by no Means out-live him. Whereupon, without regarding her Moan, he order'd her to be seiz'd; but on clapping her Dagger to her Breast, vow'd to stab herself, if any man approach'd her, reviling him as a cruel Tyrant, for taking away the Life of the most loyal, virtuous, and valiant Knight in the world, with many other Expressions full of Indignation. In the mean while Marcellus came with his drawn Sword, as one distract'd, and seeing her in that Condition, embraced her tenderly, saying, Now dear Angelica, I see thou art worthy of this poor Princes Love, whom they have cruelly slain in Prison, fearing he should be rescu'd, they brought him to the Stake alive: Take Courage then, my dear

dear Sister, and with me kill thyself at this Hearse; shall our Names of Love and true Friendship be as lasting as the World, and build us Monuments of Fame and Glory to all Posterity. Ah! my dear Brother, false, I had done it alone; but now I will do it more noble in your Company; come, let us die together, since my cruel Father thought him unworthy of my Life for whom I have lived thus long.

Thus desperately bent, they went to view the Body ere they followed him into the other World; but earnestly looking on the ghastly Visage, they found it was not he; this gave some Comfort to their distracted Minds and made them hope the King had only put this Trick upon them, to discover their Affections, and that it might be the Body of some Knight slain in Battle; that they desisted from the Violence they intended, and went towards the Palace, where *Maximus*, the King's *Lybia*, and the *Moorish* Prince, sat to see the Body burnt to make farther Intercession; but in the mean while, a Knight, all bloody, and almost breathless, came riding up, parting the Crowd on each Side, and bowing low to *Maximus*, said, Mighty Monarch, and you the Nobles, haste to the Field before the Day be utterly lost; the Enemies are victorious in three Battles over your Army, whose Courage faints for Want of their General's Presence.

This News, and the Cries that were made at a Distance, made them abruptly brake up the Assembly, arm themselves, and hasten to the Field, where they found their Squadrons in Disorder, fearfully flying, and miserably slaughtered by the Pursuers, so they laboured in vain to make them rally. In the mean while, the Pursuers, seizing the Gates of the City, entered Pell-mell with the Fliers, the two Kings being the foremost, when they saw these Men would not stand the Fight; how ever being within the Walls, the Cries of the Ladies, their Wives and Children, &c. made them renew a desperate Fight, in the Square before the Palace; and though *Parismenos*, who had been so much injured by

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Maximus, yet in respect he was *Angelica's* Father, laboured all he could to save him; whilst in a desperate Manner he thrust himself into the Middle of the Throng, he could not do it, for, being beaten down by a *Bohemian Knight*, he miserably perished, being trampled to pieces under the Horses Feet; and the Prophecy at his Daughter's Birth was fulfilled by his Rashness and Folly, the which, by Prudence, might have been avoided. Upon this the King of *Lybia* fled with his broken Troops out at the Posterns of the City, returning into his own Country, with Shame, and the Loss of thirty thousand Men.

The City being thus won, the Soldiers were commanded to spare both the Lives and Goods of the Citizens; and *Parismenos* hastened to the Palace, to secure his dear *Angelica* from any Violence that might happen; at the Entrance of which he found *Marcellus* with his Sword drawn, and a strong Guard to secure it; but he no sooner made himself known, but, throwing down his Sword, *Marcellus* embraced him, crying, Ah! my dear Brother, to what wonderful Providence do we owe your Life, whose Death, only reported, has caused such Sorrow on me and my Sister? Hereupon, *Parismenos* told him all that had befallen him, so that with much Joy they went to *Angelica's* Chamber, who, at the Sight of her dear Knight, fancying it could be no other than his Ghost, had liked to have swooned away; but he embracing her tenderly, and making her see it was he himself; and no Shadow, weeping over each other awhile, they recounted the Hardships they had endured; and now began to consider, that Heaven smiled on them, to make them amends; yet the fair *Angelica* was much concerned, when she heard her Father was dead; but *Parismenos* shewing her it was his own Rashness brought him to it; and how he, for her Sake, had laboured to save him, who had been his mortal Enemy, she was better comforted; and, in a great Assembly

of the States, *Marcellus* was appointed King instead of his Father, and afterwards married the Lady *Dulcia*, who had suffered so many Hardships for him, living happily with her all his Days.

And now, the Court being full of Nobility, by the Arrival of *Camillus*, the King of *Thrace*, and divers others who had brought Armies to right the Injuries of *Parismenos*, great Preparations, by the Consent of all, were made for his Marriage with *Angelica*, whom they allowed so worthily to have deserved her; but as the Custom of the Country was, she going to *Hymen's* Temple to offer Sacrifice, very slenderly guarded, was taken thence by *Irus*, King of *Tunis*, but rescued from him by *Iconius*, a banished Duke of *Notalia*, who lived in a Desert.

This unexpected Misfortune caused great Grief, and much Search was made for her, but all in vain, whilst *Irus* making Friendship with *Iconius*, had often Opportunities to visit her; but one proved a fatal one, for in *Iconius's* Absence, going to ravish her, *Anna*, her Maid, killed him with his own Dagger, and dragged his Body into a Pit, covering it over with Stones. During this, *Iconius* had met with *Parismenos*, on the Edge of the Forest, who was still in Pursuit of his fair Princess, and, after a short Contest between them, they agreed with Friends, and *Iconius* invited him to his Cave; when entering in, and seeing the Track of *Irus's* Blood, and going to the Pit, and finding him there dead, he charged the Murder upon *Anna*, who boldly confessed it, telling him for what Reason she had done it; whereupon, in a Rage he drew his Sword, wrapped his Hand in her Hair, and offered to kill her; but *Parismenos* stopped his Hand, desiring him, as all Knights ought, to be more gentle to a Damsel; for certainly her tender Heart could not do so cruel a Deed without a great Provocation; but he persisting in his Fury, *Parismenos* forced her loose, and told him, if he would kill her, he should make his

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his Way through him to her Heart; whereupon a fierce Combat began, in which the Prince was Conqueror, laying him at his Feet, who, begging Mercy, had his Life spared; upon which *Parifmenos* lifting up his Helmit, *Anna* no ſooner eſpied, by the Twilight that entered into the Cave, but running to him with open Arms, ſaid, Oh, my dear Lord, and thereupon embraced him: He thought he knew her Face, but by her Voice he was perfectly convinced that it was Princeſs *Angelica's* Maid, and thereupon his Heart leap'd for Joy, in Hope, ſhe being taken with her, her Miſtreſs was not far off; which ſhe ſoon confirmed, telling him the whole Story; whereupon, haſting by her Directions into a melancholy Retirement within the Cave, he found his diſconſolate Princeſs, who, ſuppoſing him to be *Iconius* returned, (for ſhe had heard nothing of the Combat) ſhe intreated him to take away her Life, rather than keep her in ſuch melancholy Sadneſs for the Want of her Lord *Parifmenos*, and ſo went on to expreſs the kind Affection ſhe had for him, which did not a little overjoy him; but when Floods of Tears burſt from her fair Eyes, he could no longer conceal himſelf; his Sight, ſo unexpected, was to her as the Appearance of an Angel; ſhe dried up her Tears, and embraced him tenderly, and, telling him ſome good Offices *Iconius* had done her, he took Pity of him, and cauſed *Anna* to unlace his Helmet and dreſs his Wounds, ſo that in a ſhort Time he recovered, and thereupon they prepared to depart to *Bohemia*, and concluded it the ſafeſt Way to paſs by Sea, ſeeing there were ſo many Foreſts and dangerous Places to go through by Land.

Iconius no ſooner knew this, but he proffered to go with him, and got ſafe Paſſage, bargaining with one *Theoretus*, a Merchant, to carry them into *Germany*, but, by the Way, being bribed by a *Sclawonian* Knight, who beheld the Beauty of the Princeſs, and was Paſſenger in the Ship, to carry them to his Country.

try, where he thought, by Force or Persuasion, to gain the Lady to his Lust; but being on the Coast of that Country, the angry Heavens began to frown at such Treachery, so that a mighty Tempest swelling the Seas, the Ship was driven on a Rock and broken all to Pieces; but Providence so ordered it, that *Parismenos* and *Angelica*, floating on a Plank, were taken up by a Fisherman, and landed in *Thessaly*, where having News that *Parismus* and *Laurana* were then at the *Thessalian* Court, they repaired thither, and were highly welcomed by them, and *Dionysius*, their Grandfather, and, by the general Consent of all, they were married with all imaginable Pomp and Royalty, feasting being held for forty Days; and many brave Encounters in Jousting happened, wherein the princely Bridegroom exceeded all other Knights in Valour, as much as his royal Bride did all the other Ladies in Beauty, and the excellent Adornment of her Mind; And so all their Days they lived in great Joy and Felicity, enjoying, after their Grandfather's Death, the *Thessalian* Crown, leaving only a Son and a Daughter behind them, whose Fame has since filled the World with Wonder and Esteem.

The End of the Second Part.



T H E

FAMOUS and RENOWNED

History of PARISMUS.

The THIRD PART.

C H A P. I.

Of the happy Marriage of Parismenos, and the Princess Angelica, with the Birth of their Son Parismenides, together with the Death of Dionysius, &c.

SOON after the happy Marriage of *Parismenos* and *Angelica* was celebrated with all imaginable Pomp and Grandeur, and the Princess found her Womb increase with a growing Burthen, to the transcendent Satisfaction of the whole Kingdom. Great Care was taken to prevent Miscarriage, and she was delivered of a fair Son, smiling even at his Birth, thereby, like *Hercules*, promising Wonders when he should come of Age. His Birth, Features, and promising Virtue, gave unspeakable Joy to the whole Court, insomuch that for forty Days there was nothing but Feasting and Acts of Chivalry performed; in the latter of which, *Parismus*, *Parismenos*,

menos, and *Pollipus*, undertook to Just against all Comers, and so nobly behaved themselves, that they unhorsed many Knights of great Renown; but to name the Particulars that passed, would, I fear, be too tedious to the Reader, therefore let it suffice then, that nothing was omitted that may be accounted brave and great.

But this Scene of Joy was soon after obscured with a Cloud of Sorrow, for the Death of *Dionysius*, King of *Thessaly*, who, bequeathing his Crown and Dominions to *Parismenos* and *Angelica*, died indeed in a good old Age, full of Honour, gained not only by many Victories, but more by his Courtesy and Affability, being a Lover of Virtue, and making it his Delight to encourage virtuous and well deserving Men: He was buried in great Pomp in the City of *Thebes*, and had a stately Monument erected to his Memory, with this Inscription:

*Here lies Great Dionysius, whose due Praise,
Fame thro' the World shall spread to after Days,
In Youth none valianter was found than he,
In Age strict Virtue, Love and Piety,
A Son and Sire to Kings; had he been neither,
'Tis Praise enough he was Laurana's Father.*

After the Funeral Solemnities were over, to change the doleful Scene of Sorrow, *Parismenos* and *Angelica* were crowned, and being settled in Honour, Peace, and Tranquility, receiving willing Homage from their Subjects, *Parismenos* and *Laurana*, after many Endearments departed to *Bohemia*, where at their arrival, they were receiv'd with great rejoycing; also young *Marcellus*, Brother to *Angelica*, taking leave departed into his own Country, as did many other Princes, some to look after their Affairs at Home, and others to seek Adventures Abroad.

Whilst

Whilst *Angelica* and *Parismenos* were wrapt in a thousand Joys, often reflecting upon their former Sufferings and Misfortunes, concluding, by a miraculous Providence, they were now at an end, and their happy Days smil'd on 'em, and blessed in a hopeful Infant; whom, in his Baptism, as I have told you, they named *Parismenides*, a Name signifying he descended from the Royal Stock of *Bobemia*, *Parismus* and *Dionysius* being Godfathers, and the fair *Violetta* Godmother, an unlucky chance beset, that damp't their Joys, for so it happened, that several noble Persons coming to wait on them, out of respect to their Fame and Virtue, *Parismenos*, after a royal Entertainment given, invited them to hunt in a neighbouring Forest; where the Huntsmen, having lodged their Game before-hand, to make the Recreation more easy, soon roused a furious Boar, at whom the Dogs, being uncoupled, pursued with a loud Cry; the Boar entered into the thickest of the Forest, to shelter himself from his Pursuers, and held them a tedious Chase, sometimes turning to fight and disperse the Dogs, killing and wounding many of them; and again, when he found he was hard beset, turning tail and flying, till at last he came to a steep Rock, that almost thwarted the Forest; here he made a stand, not being able to get further, and, whilst he held the Dogs at Play, *Parismenos* thrust his Javelin so far into his Breast, that, with a great Cry, he fell down dead, which caused a great Shout; his horrible Head he struck off with his Sword, and presented it to the Queen, who ordered the Woodmen to carry it, and the Carcase, to the Palace. It being now near Sun-set all the Company prepared to return, when lo, on a sudden, a Night, black as *Egyptian* Darkness, overspread the Face of the Heavens, over-shadowed with thick Mists and thick Fogs, at which, whilst they were wondering, it began from the four Quarters of the Forest to thunder

der and lighten horribly, which, taken all together, seemed as if Hell was broke loose, and the Fiends in hostile Manner were come to assault them, insomuch that the boldest was not without some Apprehension of Danger, as concluding the dismal Event proceeded from no natural Cause; in vain they sought to get out of the Forrest, finding themselves more and more entangled, as they laboured to do it, seeing many fiery Shapes of Giants and Monsters standing at the Avenues to oppose them, and, to be brief, in spite of all they could do, they were forced to wander till the Morning, when, the Sun rising fair, the Enchantment, for no other it was, being dissolved, they easily passed to the Plains, and from thence marched to the Palace, wondering at what befel them, yet little dreamt to what End it tended.

C H A P. II.

How Parismenos and Angelica, returning to their Palace found their Son carried away by Enchantment; with the Prophecy written on a Pillar in the Hall; and how they sent in search of him, &c. How Parismenides was carried away by the Enchantress Bellona, to an Island in the Black Sea, and delivered to a Hermit; and suckl'd by a Hind: By what means he was carried thence in Pursuit of Adventures.

NO sooner had they entered the Palace, but they were greatly surpriz'd, seeing all the Servants in Tears, which they supposed might happen by reason of their Absence; and *Parismenos* believing it to be so, yet wondering their Sorrow should continue, seeing they were safely returned, and began to relate what had befel in the Forest, but was interrupted by the young Prince's two Nurses, who fell at his Feet, wringing their Hands, and pouring forth Floods of Tears, craving Mercy, and entreating

ing him to spare them from that Death they had justly deserved, in not being more careful of their Charge, for, whilst a heavy Drowsiness fell upon them, their young Lord *Parismenides* was stole out of the Cradle, and carried they knew not whither, nor by whom, since their Search, in Order to his Recovery, had been in vain: They further added, they were awakened by a sweet Harmony of Musick, but too late; for they found him gone, and the Doors open, that some Time before had been strongly bolted. This unexpected News struck the King, Queen, and all their Train for a while dumb, with all inexpressible Grief and Sorrow, and indeed no Words can paint out the Agony it put them into: Much ado had *Parismenos* to prevail over his Anger, in causing these careless Nurses to be immediately put to Death, or, as merciless Sentence, doom them to perpetual Imprisonment. *Angelica's* Tears flowed without Number, and she seemed to be weary of her Life, inso much that he was constrained to moderate his Passion, to comfort her (who swooned away thrice) with the Hopes of recovering their royal Babe again; when looking about, they espied this Inscription on a Pillar:

*Grieve not for him who to thy Glory's gone,
Whose Fame Fate will have Travel with the Sun;
Soft Ease in Palaces was not decreed,
For him, that nought but rest to Honour Breed.
He will be found again, and stand in stead
His Royal Parents in the greatest Need.
He then shall a Fair Royal Princess wed,
And be of Champions tho' the World the Head.*

They had no sooner read this, but they all concluded he had been taken away by some Enchanter or Enchantress, that had charmed them in the Forest, lest their Presence might possibly have hindered it; and
this

this was the more confirmed by some Citizens, who declared they saw a bright Cloud, like a Chariot, drawn with Lyons and Dragons, in the Air over the Palace, and then he saw it more Westward, and heard ravishing Musick, and these Words, among others, distinctly :

*Come, sweet Babe, along with me,
And I will still take care of thee,
And make thy Fame in Time to rise
Above the Earth and starry Skies.*

Till at last the Chariot vanished from their Sight, which they looked upon as a Prodigy, but knew no further Meaning in it. Notwithstanding this Light into the Matter, *Parisus* and *Angelica* were so dissatisfied at this great Loss, that they could not rest contented, till they had sent Messengers to make diligent Search in every Kingdom or Island they could fancy he might be carried into, lading them with Riches, in Order to defray their Charges, or bribe him, if it might be, out of the Hands of his Keepers, if they should happen to find him; or send Word, and he would come in Person with an Army, if it needed, and rescue him, vowing within six Months, to travel all the World over in Search of him, if in the mean Time he heard no certain News of him. And now the fair *Angelica* being with Child again, in full Time was delivered of a beautiful Daughter, whom she named *Angelica*, and was in some Measure easy for the Loss of her Son, and the rather, because it was prophesied she should see him again. And under these Circumstances I must for a while leave the royal Mourners, and follow young *Parisus*, to see what became of him.

You may wonder now who it was that enchanted the valiant *Parisus* in *Thessalian* Forest, and, during that Time, stole away the young Prince, whilst

his Nurſes ſlept: I tell you it was *Bellona*, a famous Enchantreſs, always favourable to the Princes of Greece, and particularly to the *Theſſalian* Kings, who, conſulting the Book of Fate, and finding this young Prince was deſigned for mighty Things, concluded, that the Eaſe and Riot incident to Princes Palaces, which the Over-fondneſs of his Parents would much eclipse in Glory; to prevent which, ſhe conveyed him to a remote Place, where his younger Years ſhould be inured to Hardſhip and Toil, and that by Arms, he ſhould ſeek to raiſe his Renown, being altogether ignorant of his Birth. In order to which, ſhe conveyed him, wrapt in a Cloud, to an Iſland in the Black Sea, and committed him to a Hermit, who was all the human Creatures that inhabited this ſolitary Place, leaving a Bow and Arrows, with an enchanted Sword and Launce, to be given him when he grew up; the firſt to exerciſe his childiſh Years, and the two laſt to overcome in all Combats, and prevent the Power of Enchanters over him, when he ſhould be able to ſignalize himſelf in Feats of Arms: Alſo ſhe left a Bracelet of Gold, enchaſed with Diamonds and Rubies, that was put about his Wriſt by the fair *Angelica*, as ſoon as he was born, which, as it was deſigned, proved lucky afterwards, in bringing him the ſooner to the Knowledge of his Parents, and preſerving them from the extreameſt Danger of their Lives, as will appear in the Series of this Hiſtory.

The aged Hermit, who was a great Philoſopher and Aſtrologer, looking earneſtly on the Infant, and perceiving by his Phyſiognomy, what mighty Fortune the Stars had deſtined to him, received him joyfully of the Enchantreſs, who was indeed his near Kinſwoman; upon which the Enchantreſs, cutting a Hole in the Earth, and pouring Water into it, after muttering ſome Words, a mighty Whirl-wind aroſe, and carried her through the Air, to her enchanted Iſland, a vaſt Diſtance thence in the *Ionian* Gulph. Up-

on

on her Departure, the Hermit presently began to take Care of his Charge, when, going to gather Rushes to make a Cradle; the Infant waking, wept for Lack of Food, which a stately Hind hearing, left her Fawn, and running into the Cave, offered her swelling Teats to its pretty Mouth, on which, prompted by the Instinct of Nature, he greedily seized, and hung sucking when the Hermit returned: So that this he looked upon as a Prodigy; and from thenceforth she came every Day to suckle him, till he was grown up, and could be sustained by Roots, and such other Things as could be got in that Place, and now where the Hermit had lived many Years.

As our young Prince grew up, and could talk, the old Hermit instructed him in the Sciences, taught him to read and write, and how to handle his Bow and Quiverr, shewing him his Sword and Launce, and telling him their Virtues, which was, he that bore them should never be vanquished by Man or Beast, nor in Danger of any Enchantment. This made our Prince heedfully view them, smiling the while, and then pausing, demanded, if there were any more People in the World at that Time, he would see them. These last Words greatly enlarged his Thoughts, to know and converse with them; so, in Hopes to find them, he often traversed the Woods with his Bow and Quiver, ever bringing Home some Trophy of Victory, soon becoming the exactest Marksman in the World, for whatsoever he shot at, he hit; when one Day, being in Pursuit of his Game, he saw the Hind, who had succoured him, hotly pursued by a Panther, at which, being greatly troubled, he resolved to rescue her, though at any Hazard; who no sooner saw him, but flew to him for Refuge, in a beseeching Manner: The Panther, whom she outstript, was by this Time come near, when *Parismenides* drew an Arrow to the Head, and shot him full in the Breast; the Arrow pierced his Heart, and dead he fell to the
Ground,

Ground, with a dismal Howl. The Hind perceiving her Enemy slain, fell at her Deliverer's Feet, licking and watering them with Tears, as it might seem, in Gratitude, and for Joy of their so lucky Meeting; he, in return of her former Kindness, strok'd her gently, and gave her some wild Fruits he had gather'd, but she would not leave him, till she had waited on him to his Cave. This Relation made by him, of his Valour and Gratitude, pleased the Hermit, but, fearing his Courage would carry him into Danger, for there were many furious Beasts in the Island, he ordered him to carry his Spear and Sword with him as a surer Defence; and going with him where the Panther lay dead, they found a Device to take off his spotted Skin, and, by rubbing it with Bark and drying it in the Sun, they brought it to Limberness, that the good old Hermit, making Needles of Fish-bones the Tide cast on the Shore, and with the Thread of the Bark of an Axle-tree, he made this young Hero a Coat of Mail, the Head serving him for a Murrion, which being put on, he looked like *Hercules*, returning from his *Nemean* Slaughter of his Lions: And now his Strength encreasing, the wild Beasts fell every Day by his Hand, which rendered him so terrible to them, that they not only refrained to assault him, but fled his Presence.

One Day sitting by the Sea-Side, whilst he was musing how he came to this desolate Place, having now in his Mind some former Ideas of a better, and wondering he saw not all this while those People the Hermit had told him of, a small Bark, richly gilt, with spreading Sails, made directly towards him; yet could he see neither Pilot, nor Mariner, only a beautiful Lady sitting on the Stern, adorned with Embroideries of Gold and Pearl, powdered and bedecked with Diamonds, weeping as one in Distress, looking lovely in her Tears, and, as the Bark drew near, sung this mournful Song:

I

Brave

*B*RAVE Youth, forsake this barren Isle,
 Enter this Bark, and sit awhile,
 That I to you may Things relate,
 Which in my Soul much Grief create:
 A Princess I am born 'tis true,
 But sad Distress does make me sue,
 That you would now to me draw near,
 And know what more I wou'd declare.

The young Prince at this was struck with great Amazement, whilst the Lady, rising from her Seat, entreated him to enter the Bark, which he boldly did; but no sooner were both his Feet off of Land, e're a sudden Gust turned about the Sails, and, to his Wonder, the airy Phantom of which she was form'd: The Vessel stopped not, but drove on before the Wind, there being nothing in but the Prince, and a curious Suit of Armour inlaid with golden Stars, and studded with precious Stones; also a Shield of Silver, with a Star of Gold for the Device. In vain he endeavoured to turn it, and recover the Shore, out of the Sight of which he was carried off in a little Time, where I must leave him sailing to unknown Coasts, and spare your Ears the Trouble of hearing the Lamentation the poor old Hermit made for the Loss of him, whom he supposed to be devoured by wild Beasts, or stolen away by Sea Rovers, notwithstanding what the Enchantress had told him of his Sword and Spear, and for a while return again to *Theffaly*.

C H A P. III.

How the Messengers, sent in Search of Parismenides, successlesly returning, Parismenos undertook to find him out; Angelica's Lamentation hereupon; and how he departed without her Knowledge, and was, by the Adventure of a Damsel and Dragon, trained into an enchanted Castle.

YOU have before heard what Sorrow the Court of *Theffaly* was in, for the Loss of young *Parismenides*, and how many were sent into all the neighbouring Nations, in Search of him; these, after a tedious Enquiry, returned sorrowful to their Lord and Lady, without bringing them the least Notice where he was, or what was become of him. The News, by this Time, had likewise reached the *Bohemian* Court, and cast a Cloud of Sadness over it, insomuch that *Parismus* and *Laurana*, laying aside their Robes, with a small Train hasted to *Theffaly*, to comfort their Son and Daughter in this great Affliction; but neither their Entreaties, nor the Tears of fair *Angelica*, could prevail with *Parismenos* to decline his Search for him in all Parts of the World: And now his promised Time to make it being come, as himself had limited, he secretly made all Things ready, then suddenly departing, it might cause, as he thought, the shorter Affliction to his Relations; but *Angelica*, who suspected it, had her Eyes every where, and being retired with him, having her fair Daughter *Angelica* in her Arms, she fell on her Knees, holding her forth to him, the more to have Compassion, as soon as her Tears would give her Words Way, she thus accosted him: Ah! my dear Lord, what shall I say, or how express myself in this great Streight? I would indeed recover my poor Infant, with the Hazard of my own Life, nay, the Loss of it; but to what Place, know either I or you, has the wicked Enchanter carried

him? Let us live to be a mutual Comfort to one another then, till the Time of the Prophecy shall reveal it, which threatens us both with Danger, therefore we need not seek it. Ah! remember, my Lord, what Miseries we have already suffered, and let us not tempt the Fates further, but submit to the Will of Providence, who may yet do all for the best; yet, if you needs will go, take me with you for an inseparable Companion of all your good or bad Fortune. She would have spoken more, but Grief so furcharged her, that she swooned, as he was raising her in his Arms, and about to reply; and that Night, ordering his Squire to carry his Horse and Arms to a distant Castle, after he had comforted her with the most obliging Words and tender Kisses, to prevent his Parents Commands, he secretly got away; so that e're blushing *Aurora* opened the purple Curtains of the Morning, he was upon the Borders of *Hungary*: And now, leaving you to conceive the unspeakable Sorrow his Absence, when known, created, especially in the fair *Angelica*, I shall tell you that he coasted *Moravia*, *Croatia*, *Silesia*, and all the Countries bordering, making diligent Enquiry, without meeting with any memorable Adventure, till at length, coming upon the Confines of *Austrasia*, he beheld seemingly, a fair Castle, from which, whilst his Eyes were intent thereon, he heard a lamentable Cry, and turning about, saw a comely Damsel, with a fair Child in her Arms, flying before a dreadful Dragon, vomiting Smoke and Fire: Upon this, drawing his Sword, he turned to encounter the Dragon, who came at him furiously, and tho' he often smote him, as he thought, yet no Wounds appeared, at which, whilst he was wondering and pressing on more furiously, the dreadful Beast retreated to a Cave, and entering in, could not be found by him. The Combat was no sooner over, but his Mind gave him, that the Child he had seen resembled *Parisusnides*, demanding of his Squire which Way she went,

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went; who told him, he saw her enter the Castle, upon which he immediately made thitherward, and finding them open, enter'd, but in an evil Hour; for immediately he was set upon by the same Dragon, and many monstrous Forms with whom he combated, but in vain, for this proved an enchanted Castle by which by the Device before-mentioned, he had been purposefully trained; for in Spite of all the Resistance he made, he was by a furious Whirlwind thrown from his Horse, and bound with Chains; at which, his 'Squire would have fled, but could not, and so was forced to keep his Master Company in a lonesome Dungeon, where they found many captive Knights and Ladies: And in this Place I must leave the renowned Prince, whom no human Prince could ever foil, and return to *Parismenides*, whom we left sailing in the wide Ocean, without any certain Course known by him to steer.

C H A P. IV.

How Parismenides arrived in Austracia, where he was furnished with a gallant Horse and Accoutrements by a royal Shepherd: How he went to Court, and in Justing overthrew the King of Bulgaria and his two Brothers, &c.

Parismenides, as I said, being grown of manly Stature, his Countenance amiable, the Enchantress *Bellona* thought it now high Time he should enter the List of Fame, in order to accomplish those great Things the Fates had designed him for; and she it was that sent this Bark to carry him from the *Desolate Island*, and a Lady's Form in it, that should enthrall his Heart, as remembring her Promise, and not in any Thing to be wanting to the House of *Greece*. Having thus far unridled the Secret, I now proceed to tell of his famed Adventures.

Three Days and Nights the Vessel ran before the Wind, where he could see no Land, having only in

View the blue Billows of the watry Deep, in which Mermaids played and danced before him (singing his Praises) and the spangled Canopy of Heaven over his Head: The fourth Day dawning, and he much pined with Hunger, a spacious Country appeared, which greatly rejoiced him, and, to his Wish, the Bark made into the Bay, and soon came to Land: Upon the first Touch of which he leaped on Shore, and on his Knees gave Thanks for his Deliverance; the Bark staid till he took his Armour, but immediately vanished from his Sight, when an aged Man, who had seen him land, appeared to him, of whom he asked many Questions, as, who was he? what Country? &c. To the first he said, He was a Shepherd; to the second, the Country was *Austracia*; to the third, it was full of People. This much rejoiced our young Hero, who, in Requital, told him his own Story, as far as he knew; upon which, not doubting he was of higher Birth than he seemed, he invited him to his Cottage, and feasted him with Cakes, which were Dainties to what he had lately enjoyed; he also shewed him how to put on his Armour, and greatly admired the Richness of it, when in the Helmet, crested with Vermilion Plumes, he found much Gold and Jewels. After he had refreshed himself some few Days, the good old Man advised him to buy a Horse and other Equipage suitable to what he had, and repair to Court, where great Jufts were to be held, in Honour of the King's Birth-day, and to win the Love of his fair Daughter, whose Name was *Austeria*, the most beautiful Lady in the World, where many great Princes were met to try who was the best in Arms; but he, who knew not what a Horse was, committed all to the Shepherd's Care to furnish him, offering him all his Treasure; but he only took what was sufficient, and furnished him with a stately Steed, with rich Caparisons, and soon shewed him how to manage him, for though he appeared here to be but a Shepherd,

Shepherd,

Shepherd, he had been a great Prince, driven out of his Kingdom of *Mingrelia*, by a *Pagan* Prince, named *Attilia*, and chose to lead this solitary Life, rather than by a cruel War to waste his Subjects, looking upon it as the more happy Life. Now the good old Man caused our Prince to mount, gave him Instructions how to behave himself in all Encounters, and attended him as a Guide to the Top of a Hill, from whence he shewed him the famous City of *Austracia*, and the stately Palace, gloriously reflecting like the rising Sun-beams, and whence he might hear the Trumpets sound, and there having embraced him, took his Leave.

Our young Prince (all on Fire, to see these brave Things) was soon by his Eye and Ear directed to the Palace, where he found many Knights preparing for the Encounter, richly adorned in Armour, powdered with precious Stones that gave a glorious Light: The King, Queen, Princess and Ladies being seated, the Field was marshalled, and the Champions entered the Lists, to contend for Love and Honour, running such furious Courses, that the Earth trembled under their Horses Hoofs, and their Launces splintering with the mighty Strokes they gave, flew in the Air like Arrows; then, drawing their Swords, came to a more violent Encounter, hewing on each others Armour, and then closing with violent Shocks, many a valiant Knight was thrown from his Horse, and laid in the Dust: *Armander*, the King of *Bulgaria*, who doubted not to carry the Princess, did Wonders, so that, seconded by his two Brothers, *Ormasdes* and *Adrimort*, almost equal to him in Stature and Strength, they foiled in six Courses so many Knights, that none were found to enter the List against them, till our young Prince enquired of the Marshal, if he, as a young Practitioner in Arms, and a Stranger, might not try his Fortune against those Boasters? He smilingly told him he might, but not expect Success, where

where so many experienced Knights had been foiled. To this he made no Reply, but gallantly entered, and, with his Launce, made a Sign to *Armander*, who was foremost, to run a Course with him; who, accepting it, they run together furiously; the *Bulgarian* broke his Launce, without moving *Parismenides*; but he, hitting him full on the Breast, tumbled him over his Horse's Crupper, which so enraged him, who never before had been foiled, that, remounting, he drew his Sword; our Prince did the like, and mighty Stroaks they laid on each other; but against *Parismenides*'s Sword, his Armour was a slender Defence, so that, by many Wounds and Loss of much Blood, he fainted, and fell to the Ground, leaving the Prince Victor, to the Amazement of the Spectators, who raised a mighty Shout thereupon: This so enraged the two Brethren, that, thinking to revenge their Brother's Disgrace, they encountered the Prince one after another, but were tumbled to the Ground, as were many others, who envied he should carry away the Victory from the whole Court. In the mean while the King of *Austracia*, descending from his Seat, came and welcomed him, desiring him to take an Entertainment in his Court, which, with much Modesty, he accepted: And so the Justs ended, and great Feasting, with Musick and Dancing closed the joyful Day.

C H A P. V.

How Parismenides was persuaded to stay in the Court of Aufracia: How his Thoughts were variously tossed, upon his beholding the fair Princess Asteria; and she the like concerning him: Of the Vision she saw relating to him: How the King of Bulgaria contrived a Plot to destroy him; and how he was stiled Knight of the Golden Star.

HE being still entreated to stay in the Court by the King, Queen and Ladies, who admired him unarmed, and apparelled with a rich Suit the King had caused to be given to him, for his manly Beauty and exact Proportion of Limbs, as much as for Valour, he accepted of their Kindness, and was lodged in a spacious Apartment: And now being reposed upon a Bed of Down, with Quilts of Gold and Silver Embroidery, his Mind run upon many Things; but above all, he could not but fancy the Princess *Asteria* exactly resembled the beautiful Image he had seen in the Bark: he thought her the most ravishing Creature that Nature e're produced, and that she as far out-shined the other Ladies, whom he could not but confess very beautiful, as the Moon does the Stars, when dazling in her full Orb she vanquishes the Shades of Night; and ruminating upon these Things, all on a sudden he found a strange Disorder in his Mind; he called to Remembrance likewise how, that in Spite of all the Difficulty he used, he could not at the Banquet keep his Eyes from fixing on her; and that he often beheld her's fixed on him, and that she took them off with some Pain, when, for Modesty's Sake, she sometimes cast them downward, her Colour coming and going, as when Roses and Lillies mixed, strive to get the Mastery; at which Time his Heart panted and beat to an unusual Tune, nor could he now tell what to make of it, as being innocent, and as yet unacquainted with
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the pretty Devices the Deity of Love uses to entrap and draw us on, that he may triumph over us. At the same Time the Princess's Thoughts, though he knew it not, was but a little differing from his; she tumbled, tossed and sighed, and wondered at the Cause; the Idea of the strange Knight still represented itself to her; and though she had been courted by many Kings, and Princes, she had never been moved from a steady Temper of Mind, till now she considered the Stranger's gallant Actions, and thought him moreover the most comely Personage she ever beheld, wondering of what Nation or Lineage he should be, for, by his Demeanor and Presence, she concluded him no less than nobly born; and, after this Contest with herself, she fell into a Slumber, when a Dream, sent from the Queen of Shades, presented itself to her dazzling Brightness, being a Throne of Jasper, Gold, and Rubies, placed a little Heighth, in a bright Cloud, out of which immediately sprung Laurels of Gold and Palms of Silver, that shaded it round, when she saw the strange Knight, in Regal Robes of Majesty, approaching her, and, taking her by the Hand, led her to, and placed her on the Throne, seating himself by her, at which, whilst she was wondering, a numerous Offspring of young Princes and Princesses came passing from between them, dancing to the Sound of ravishing Musick, to her great Contentment, then she heard these Words distinctly pronounced:

*Fair Princess, this great Joy for thee,
The Fates in Marriage do decree;
Him, whom thou seest now by thy Side,
Shall make thee a most happy Bride:
A Race of Kings and Queens shall spring
From thee a Queen, and him a King:
Fame, Honour, Wealth, and all that's great,
As Hand-Maids shall attend your State;
Then be not coy, when he does sue,
For none else is designed for you.*

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This was no sooner ended, but she heard Shouts of Joy, at which she awoke, much troubled to find it but a Dream, yet, upon second Thoughts, was better pleased, that it suited so well to her Wish.

Thus whilst these innocent Lovers were employing their Fancies, and contriving to see and speak with each other, *Armander*, King of *Bulgaria*, and his Brethren, who lay in a Chamber together, vext at their Disgrace, were plotting how to destroy the strange Knight, before he took too deep a Root; they had with Envy observed the King's Favour towards him, and the general Liking of all the Court Ladies, particularly the fair Princess's, which nipped their Hearts with Grief. The two Brothers proposed to assassinate him in his Bed that very Night, but the *Bulgarian* King disallowed it; but proposed another Way, which might be done with less Suspicion: They had brought two huge Lions with them, intending to present them to the King of *Austrasia*; these he ordered the Keepers should be let loose upon him, as soon as he came out of his Chamber, in the Morning; and when they had devoured him pretended they forced their Way out of the Cage. This they agreed to, concluding it could not miss, so that the Prince, as he was wont, rising early, came out of his Chamber; the first that saluted him was the two Lyons, swinging their Tails, and roaring like Thunder; at first he startled a little, but re-assuming his Courage, he drew his Sword, which he need not, for no sooner had they viewed him awhile, but all their Fierceness was abated, and they came creeping on their Bellies, fawning and licking his Feet, which made him take Compassion on them; then rising, they walked by his Side, till they came to the Place where the Keepers lay, expecting the Event; on these they fell furiously, killed one, and had killed the other, had not the Prince interposed to have slain them for the Blood they had shed, but that the other Keeper, some-
what

what wounded, persuaded him not to do it, for it had been a Justice from Heaven shewn upon them, telling him all the Treachery intended against his Life, saying, he was surely some great Prince of the Blood royal, that made them thus obedient to him; and the Avengers of his Wrongs he led to the Cage, that stood hard by, putting them in, and locked them fast up, and so went his Way unconcerned, charging the Man, on his Life, to say nothing of the Matter; but however, some who from their Windows had beheld this, soon spread it in the Court; whereupon the King of *Bulgaria*, and his Brothers, being rebuked sharply by the King of *Austrasia* for it, departed highly enraged, threatening Revenge: But his Departure was joyful to the Princess, who now hated him worse than before; and from this Time, the Stranger, whom the King knighted, was named by him, *The Knight of the Golden Star*, when himself had protested he knew not his Name, nor from what Stock he was descended, tho' they all concluded, he must be of royal Blood.

C H A P. VI.

How Parismenides fell in Love with the Princess Asteria, of the glorious Vision she saw, and how by a Letter dropt she knew his Affection, with the Answer she returned, and how they met and conferred together, &c.

THE Noise of these Adventures made the People flock to see the *Knight of the Golden Star*, and behold him with Wonder and Admiration, shouting and applauding him; but his Mind was otherwise busied, than much to regard it; the Idea of the fair Princess was fixed there, and how he should express himself to gain her Esteem, he was at a Loss, as being a Stranger, and not acquainted with any who waited on her, to whom he might address himself to befriend him; he had not been long enough conversant with Men to know the Meaning of Bribes,

or

or what Force and Power Gold was; but the old Hermit having taught him to speak and write well, he resolved at last to save his own Fears, and her Blushes, and drop a Letter in her Way carelessly, yet so as she might privately take it up, if it so pleased her; and, after he'd accompanied the King at a magnificent Entertainment, (where the Princess pretended not to be well, as fearing her Blushes might discover her Love) going to his Chamber, he writ in this Manner:

Royal Madam,

Compelled by your darling Beauty and brighter Virtues, begging Pardon for my daring Presumption, irresistible Fate constrains me to tell you, my Ambition soars as high as to ask Leave to serve you, which I prefer before enjoying the greatest Empire of the World, and made happy by a Smile from you, I should not envy any one of his Greatness, where he the Monarch of the Universe, but count myself infinitely more blest than he, thus to aspire, as it were, above the flaming Limits of the World: To love an Angel, like yourself, is a Presumption that you may censure with just Indignation; but I stand prepared to live by your Smiles, or die by your Frowns; whom am, whilst breathing on Earth,

Your obedient Knight o' th' Golden Star.

This he so opportunely dropt in the Garden, where she so usually took the Evening Air, that, she immediately entering, he had the Happiness to see her take it up, and seeing it superscribed for herself, in much Confusion opened and read it, then paused and sighed, as if she knew not what to think; and her Maids being come to her, she departed pensive and thoughtful to her Chamber, leaving him distracted in a Manner between Hope and Fear, whether she had looked on it with favourable Eyes, or with a disdainful Resentment; however, wishing for the best, he got out of the Garden unseen, and composing himself as well as

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he could, made merry outwardly (though inwardly sad) with some of the young Nobility and Ladies, who much delighted in his Company.

Night growing old, and inviting to Repose, the Company breaking up, he went to his Apartment, where, after seriously considering of what he'd done, going to Bed, he found a Letter upon his Pillow, without any Supercription; he eagerly snatched it, and, by the Light of a Lamp, with a trembling Haste he opened it, and read these Words:

Sir Knight o' th' Golden Star,

IF I'm not mistaken in the Man, I found a Letter writ by you: I read it, and have the Vanity to think it was meant to me; if so, it seems you are desirous to serve me, and, pardon my Blushes, if I tell you, I shall think it an Honour to be served by so worthy a Knight; be cautious, however, of my Honour, and meet me To-morrow at the furthest Bower of the Garden; so, with my Esteem, which is all at present, I subscribe myself,

An Honourer of your Virtues.

ASTERIA.

Upon this he kissed the Letter a thousand Times, and in a Rapture cried out, O let some Angel sound this with a Golden Trumpet to the World, that my fair Princess does not disdain to hear me plead my Cause. He said many other Things, so extasied with Joy, that he could scarce contain himself within the Bounds of Moderation; he thought Time moved too slow, and every Hour a Day, till the blessed Minute came, (which circling Time at last brought on) as she had promised, and he wished; at which he found his lovely Princess alone, shaded with Roses and Jessamine, but herself the fairest Flower: He approached her with profound Humility, as some Goddess, to whom divine Adoration is due, and bending one Knee to the Earth, he kissed her fair Hand; at which she
turned

turned away and blushed, as ashamed of such visionary Love, whilst he poured forth his Protestations of eternal Service, Faith and Loyalty; in fine, he urg'd his Passion so long, that, breaking Silence, she modestly replied, that the first Time she set her Eyes upon him, of all the World, seemed to her a Man the Fates had decreed her to love, and since she was better confirmed in it, desired him to be satisfied with this Confession. He was about to reply, but the King unexpectedly coming into the Garden, the faithful *Larinda*, (her Confident) who had been upon the Scout, brought her timely News of it, so that our Knight, highly satisfied with his promising Fortune, had Leisure to retire through the back Alleys. The Ice thus broke, these Lovers met often, by the Means of *Larinda*, and so united their Hearts in the inseparable Bond of Love, that nothing but Death was able to disunite them.

C H A P. VII.

How the Queen, Princess, and divers Ladies, were taken by Andivoragus, and carried to his Castle; the King's Promise to any that should rescue them; and how it was performed by the Knight of the Golden Star, &c.

WHILST these Lovers were thus wrapt up in Contentment, hoping in Time to be more compleatly happy; the Summer being gay and pleasant, the Queen required the Princess to accompany her in her Barge upon the River *Albis*, and so, when the Sun had passed the Meridian, and the Air was cool, they entered, and attended with five or six Ladies of the Court, Business in a lucky Hour detaining the King, that he could not go with them, as he was wont; for having sailed about a League or two, a strong Gust of Wind arose, and drove them down with the Stream, in Spight of Oars, till they came within Sight of a Castle, built upon a Rock, counted

K 2 impregnable,

impregnable, wherein dwelt a cruel Giant, named *Andivoragus*, who had destroyed many hundred People; and he, who was usually upon his Watch, soon perceived they were in Distress, and arming himself and six of his Knights, took the River in a Bark; and rowing towards the Barge, wherein the Queen and Princess were, laid it on Board, and, not pitying their Cries, Prayers or Intreaties, carried 'em to his Castle, slaying all the Rowers except one, who leaped over board, and swam to the Shore, to bring the fatal News that filled the Court with Sighs and Groans. The King, after uttering many piteous Cries, drew his Sword, and had fallen on it, to end his Life, had not the *Knight of the Star* stopt it, and prevented it, giving him many Words of Comfort, though at the same Time he looked pale and trembled, as being fearful of the Princess's Honour in the Hands of such a Monster, as the Giant was represented to him to be; but seeing the King in extream Agonies of Mind, and freely proffering his Daughter in Marriage, with half his Kingdom in Dowry, to any Knight that would rescue her and his Queen from the Tyrant's Power; our overjoyed Prince, recollecting his manly Spirits, with one Knee bended to the Ground, implored the King, that he might have the Honour of this Undertaking, and the King, who before had seen his great Actions, admitted him his Champion, and renewed his Promise, set forward to try the Adventure; and, early next Morning being bravely mounted, after long Travel, he came before the Castle, and sounded a Trumpet to bid Defiance, which rousing the Giant, he came forth, and, with a Voice like Thunder, demanded who he was, that durst disturb his Peace, for his Chastisement should be bloody, and his Carcase serve as Meat for the Fowls of the Air: To which the *Knight of the Star* replied, in an angry Manner, Behold the Man whom thou seekest, and know, Tyrant, thy fatal Hour is come. *Andivoragus* at this
 lifted

lifted up his mighty Mace, and thought with one Blow to have crushed him in Pieces, as he had done many others; but the Prince, who had alighted before, seeing him on Foot, nimbly avoided the Blow, which made an Impression half a Yard in the Ground, when flourishing his Sword, he struck him so full on the Helmit, that the Fire sparkled from it in Abundance, and he staggered back ten Paces, and bent one Knee to the Ground, yet recovering, came on again furiously, and a dreadful Fight began between them, so that the Giant's Armour being cut and broken in many Places, the Prince thrust in his Sword to the Hilt, so that the Monster fell, and the Ground trembled with his Fall, he being nine Feet high, and six in Compass. His Knights, who had beheld the dreadful Combat, and not doubting the Victory on their Side, till they saw their Master fall, immediately loos'd two fierce Tygers, who came with furious Cries at the *Knight of the Star*; but upon the Approach of the first, with a mighty Blow he smote off his Head, which the other seeing, and having received a deep Wound, ran howling into the Woods; upon this, six Knights advanced all at once against him, and for a Time put him hard to it; but, after a bloody Fight, they were all slain, upon which those within could not be dared forth, whereupon the *Knight of the Star* advanced towards the Gate, by a steep Ascent; those that kept the Pass rowled down mighty Stones to overwhelm him; but with great Difficulties and unconquered Courage, overcoming all Difficulties, he came at Length to it, and found it shut, when with the Giant's huge Mace, laying on forcible Blows, he burst it in Pieces; then entering the Court-yard, he began a dreadful Combat with those that guarded it, making their Heads and Arms fly in such a terrible Manner, that many being slain, the rest fainted, and were by him driven into a Dungeon, where having shut them in, all but one, who he took to shew him

the Ways of the Castle; he was led to a solitary Apartment, where he found the Queen, Princess, and their Ladies, with disshrivell'd Hair, weeping piteously at their hard Fortune, who, seeing him all besmear'd with Blood, grew more afraid, thinking he was an Executioner sent to murder them, for such a one he promised to send, if they yielded not to his Lust; but he comforted them in the best wise, and the sooner to put them out of their Fears, discovered who he was, which so revived their fainting Spirits, that they burst forth into Thanks and Praises for his Valour. Then having freed many other miserable Captives, leaving his Guide he brought with him, to look after the Cattle, till Orders came from the King, setting the Queen, Princess and Ladies, upon Horses he found there, he returned to Court, whose Arrival caused a universal Joy: The King with Tears embraced the *Knight of the Star*, and loaded him with a thousand Thanks, whilst the People shouted and sung his Praises; every where great Feasting was held for many Days, and the King, upon Notice of all that had happened, sent Orders to demolish the Castle; yet, at the *Knight of the Golden Star's* Intreaty, spar'd the Lives of such as remained in the Dungeon, and doomed them to perpetual Banishment.

C H A P. VIII.

How the King, instead of performing his Promise, banished and imprisoned him; how he escaped and writ to the Princess, &c.

WHO can conceive the Joy the Princess received at her Deliverance? but the more, that him she loved so dearly had the Glory to be her Deliverer, at a Time when she was to have been ravish'd by the Giant, if she longer refused to comply with his Lust; now hoping that her Father's Promise might embolden the *Knight of the Star* to ask her of him in Marriage

Marriage without Offence, and thinking now their Loves might innocently be carried on without so much Privacy as before, they often met in the Garden, and in the Princess's Chamber, which being made known to the other Suitors, they thought themselves undervalued, that the Princess should throw her Favours on a strange upstart Knight, whose Parentage was unknown; and from that Time made it their Business to incense the King against him, telling him such wandring Knights came into Courts as Spies, to discover the Weakness of Princes, and betray them to their Enemies: These Insinuations so wrought upon the King, that when the *Knight of the Star*, on his Knees claimed his Promise, he returned nothing but Frowns and hard Language, turning away in great Rage, disowning his Promise, and commanding him to depart the Kingdom on Pain of Death. This made him reply in such haughty Terms, as caused the King to imprison him, and doom him to Death, tho' the Queen and others interceeded with Tears for him, and the Princess overwhelmed with Sorrow, tore her Hair, vowing not to out-live him, for she was confined and guarded, that she might not mischief herself, and so great was his Anger, that at Midnight the Murderers were sent to the Prison to dispatch him, who, seeing them approach, broke his Chains, and wresting a Sword from the foremost of them, laid most of them wheltering in their Gore; and whilst all was in Confusion, getting his Horse and Arms, hewed his Way through the King's Guard, and breaking open the Gates, got out of the City, and next Morning wrote a Letter, directed to *Lucinda*, to be delivered to his Princess, entreating her to bear her Affliction with Patience, and not injure herself, for he would only retire till her Father's Anger was over, and then return to her again, in Hopes of better Fortune. This by great Rewards he got delivered, and at the Sight of it, with the Joy she conceived, at his Escape, she was somewhat

somewhat comforted, vowing to be constantly his in Life and Death.

The King being informed of his Escape thro' the Midst of his Guards, was both angry and ashamed; but he had little Time to think of this, for News came that the King of *Bulgaria*, to revenge himself, was marching with a huge Army towards his Country, which made him raise Forces out of Hand in all Parts: But of this more hereafter.

C H A P. IX.

How the Knight of the Star, riding in the Search of Adventures, rescued a Lady, who proved to be the fair Angelica: How he finished the Adventures of the enchanted Castle, and rescued his Parents, &c.

THE *Knight of the Star* having staid the Messenger's Return, (and by him being assured the Letter was delivered) resolved to spend some Time in Search of Adventures, to make himself more known to the World, and if possible to find his Parents, rode pensively on by a Forest, where hearing piteous Cries, he entered it, and found a beautiful Lady pinned to the Ground, stark naked, whom two Villains were attempting to ravish, whom he slew with his Sword, taking off one of their Heads at the first Blow, and the other he grievously wounded, who fled amongst the thickest of the Forrest, and escaped him. Upon this he immediately unbound her, and she putting on her Cloaths, mounted behind him; and as they journeyed, he asked her many Questions: To which she replied, she was a Woman of good Birth, and being married, her Husband, for some Reasons, had undertaken to travel, and she never since had heard of him, fearing some Misfortune (in the Company of these two villainous Servants) had been to search for him in divers Countries, till at length inflamed with lustful Desires, being weary and reposing in that lovely Place,

Place, they designed upon her Honour, which she opposing, they had so barbarously used her, to compass their wicked Ends, which, Heaven be praised, his coming had prevented. In this and such like Discourse they rid on, in Hopes of meeting with some Place of Entertainment, when turning a By-way, a little Light appeared before them, which, by Degrees, grew up into a Pillar, and moved before them, leading them to, as they supposed, a very fair House, the Windows of which were illuminated with Tapers.: The *Knight of the Star*, thinking to find Entertainment here for him and the distressed Lady, passed the Bridge, and with his Launce struck at the Gate, which immediately flew open, at this he wondered seeing nobody, however they entered, and called, when; all on a sudden, two mighty Giants forcibly pulled the Lady from behind him, and hurried her away, she piteously crying for Help to him, whilst others, with mighty Mases opposed themselves to him, who, angry at this rough Usage, ran at them with his Spear, and tumbled them to the Ground; then divers fierce Lions were let loose, these he encountered with his Sword, and in a dreadful Combat overcoming them, they vanished from his Sight; upon which a doleful Cry was heard in the Castle; however alighting, he entered, cutting his Way through a Band of Knights that guarded the Pass, till he came into a great Hall, in which a Pillar of Carbuncle cast a Light like the Sun, and on it hung a Crown of Gold, with this Inscription:

*He that me hence can rend,
Shall this Enchantment end.*

Our Knight had no sooner read it, but laying hold on it with his Hand, it easily fell into it; upon which another doleful Cry arose; then followed a terrible Earthquake, and innumerable Numbers of Fiends, Ghosts and Spectres appeared, tormenting an old Man
in

in a burning Chair, crying out pitiously for Mercy: who, whilst our Knight was about to rescue, the whole Fabrick vanished with Thunder and Lightning, which continued till Day appeared, when he found himself in a large Meadow, encompassed with many miserable Knights and Ladies, who praised him as their Deliverer, and the worthiest Knight in the World. The Lady whom he brought thither, was the fair *Angelica*, who looking stedfastly on him, and seeing the Ruby and Diamond Bracelet, that I spoke of before, she knew him to be her Son, as did also *Parismenos*, *Parisismus* and *Laurana*, who embraced him with Tears, telling him his Name and Birth, to his great Joy, concluding now the Prophecy was fulfilled; and immediately they went to the Court of *Bohemia*, which was nearer than than of *Theffaly*; and in the Way he told them all he knew of his being in the *Desolate Island*, his coming into *Austracia*, what he had done there, his Love to the Princess, and how hardly he had been dealt with, for which they vowed to right him, and gain the Princess for him.

C H A P. X.

How the King of Bulgaria overthrew the King of Austracia in three Battles; how he was slain by the Knight of the Star, who rescued the City, saved the King's Life, gained the Princess Asteria, and was afterwards King of Austracia and Bohemia.

GREAT Joy was made in *Bohemia*, upon the Arrival of these Princes, who had caused much Sorrow for their Absence, and Messengers were dispatched into *Theffaly*, to relate the Safety of *Parismenos* and *Angelica*, with the finding of the Prince their Son: But whilst Triumph appeared every where, News came, that the King of *Bulgaria*, and his two Brothers, with a mighty Army, had entered *Austracia*, soverthron the King in three Battles, and straiely besieged

besieged him in *Arminda*, demanding the Princess *Asteria* in Marriage, or to reduce the City to Ashes, and destroy all with Fire and Sword. This News sounded like a Clap of Thunder in the Ears of *Parismenides*, who, impatient of Delay, would have gone with a few to rescue his Princess; but his Father and Grandfather would not permit him to be exposed to such Danger, but in all Haste raised an Army, and by swift Marches came upon the *Bulgarians*, as they were storming the City, and Part of their Army had entered it, giving no Quarter; this so enraged the three Princes, that, encouraging their Soldiers, they fell on like a Tempest, putting to the Rout all before them, till with great Slaughter destroying the Army without the Walls, they rushed into the City, and mingled the Blood of the Conquerors with that of the Vanquished.

Parismenides hastened with the Troops under his Command to the Palace, where the greatest Fight was maintained, and with his own Hand slew the King of *Bulgaria* and his two Brothers, which so disheartened his Soldiers, that they threw down their Arms, and cried out for Mercy; yet most of them were slain by the furious Soldiers, who could not be restrained from glutting their Swords with the Blood of their Enemies.

The King of *Austracia* no sooner knew by whom he had been freed, but he descended from his Palace, attended by the Queen, Princess and Nobles, and, with Tears in his Eyes, thanked the *Knight of the Golden Star*, and begged Pardon for the ill Usage he had put upon him, and leading the Princess into the Palace, in the Presence of them all freely bestowed her upon him, before he knew his Birth, to both their Hearts Content; but when he was known to be the Son of the renowned *Parismenos*, and Grandson to *Parismus*, the Marriage was celebrated with double Pomp; and the King of *Austracia* soon after dying
of

of the Wounds he had received in the Battle, *Parismenides* and his fair Princess succeeded him in his Kingdom, having a numerous Offspring, who, by their Valour and Beauty, were raised to Thrones, and blessed *Europe* with a lasting Progeny of Princes; and *Parismus*, worn out with Age, and the many Battles he had fought, dying, left the Kingdom of *Bohemia* to his Grandson, who long flourished in great Tranquility by this happy Match, which the Sage *Friston* the Enchanter, an Enemy to the House of *Greece*, had laboured to hinder, in Favour of the King of *Bulgaria*; and to that End had raised the enchanted Castle, spoken of in the foregoing Chapter, thinking to have shut up these Princes in it, and render them for ever useless to the World; but was deceived by *Bellona*, who gave Arms to *Parismenides*, to enable him to dissolve the Enchantment; and now *Parismenos* being returned into *Thessaly*, married his fair Daughter to the King of *Epirus*, in whose Court she flourished many Years: And thus I put an End to the History of these renowned Persons, whose Valour and Beauty has charmed the World with Wonder.

F I N I S.

26 SE60

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